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SIXTEENTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION

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ROUND-THE-WHIRLED IDIOCY

WE HAVE advertised before to the "shooting" around the world, in opposite directions, of four Los Angeles lads, two of whom sailed from New York last Saturday for Europe, and two who left this week from Victoria for the Orient. These delectable trips are "rewards" of merit for having turned in the greatest number of subscriptions to a local daily in a recent contest. Possibly there may be educational value in an outing of this nature, which allows a visit of two hours in Chicago, three hours in New York, half a day in England, one whole hour in Moscow and similar tantalizing halts in other equally famous centers, in their race around the globe, but we have not been able to determine where it comes in.

There is an interesting exhibit in Seattle just now which the boys bound for the orient will have fine opportunity to visit—not. The young globe-trotters are vouchsafed about an hour and a half at the fair, or just time enough to run through the grounds and back, if the wind of their guide is in good condition. In this same exasperating manner they are to be dragged from one point to another, the only respite allotted them being on the long laps across the Atlantic and the Pacific oceans, when they will have opportunity to repair the wear and tear on their lungs and legs.

What a jumble of ideas will result from such break-neck touring! The notion is essentially yellow, and, of course, is by no means intended to be philanthropic. So far as the poor little victims of this jerking process are concerned, they are young and the novelty of being on the move continually doubtless will be pleasure enough. But we are by no means certain that as a result of this whirled tour bad results will not be engendered. The lads are at an impressionable age, and the fever of pillar-to-post leaps may get into their blood and stay, to their ruin ever after. We recall a similar advertising dodge under the au-

spices of the same newspaper owner ten or twelve years ago, soon after the American was started in Chicago. The victims were ciceroned on their hop, skip and jump trip by the literary editor of the paper, now filling a responsible consular post abroad. His absence from home was not long, but time enough to procure him a divorce on statutory grounds on his return. As for the boys, one was so inoculated with the roaming habit that he could settle down to nothing, and eventually became a tramp in earnest. A murrain seize these pestiferous race-around-the-world idiocies! There is too much fever in all lines of endeavor, as it is. Are we to make maniacs deliberately by inoculating our youths in this reprehensible fashion?

WHY THE BOLIVIANS ARE EXCITED

BY HIS recent decision, awarding to Peru certain territory that Bolivia seems to think should rightfully be hers, President Alcantara of Argentina has precipitated trouble of what appears to be a serious nature among the Bolivians. The bone of contention is the province of Tacna, with its attractive little port of Arica, which, since the conclusion of the war between Chile and Peru and Bolivia, in 1879-84, has been governed by Chile, in accordance with the agreement. But this was for ten years only; at the expiration of that time it was the definite understanding that a plebiscite should be taken upon the question as to whether the people of Tacna would elect to remain a part of Chile or revert to Peru.

However, the ten years expired in 1892 and no referendum followed, nor have the Tacnans ever been given opportunity to express their real sentiments officially. In case they decided to go back to Peru, the latter country was to pay Chile ten million pesos as indemnity. This, Chile asserts, the impoverished Peruvian government cannot do, as it is away behind on its interest payments on the national debt, hence is in no condition to reimburse Chile for the pledged province in case of a popular vote in its favor. Meanwhile, Chile has endeavored to colonize Tacna with enough Chilenos to outvote the natives, but the plan has not succeeded. Tacna and Arica remain loyal at heart, and have never ceased to celebrate Peruvian national holidays and to worship Peruvian heroes, especially those of the war between the two countries.

Arica, if one will look at his map, is nearly nine hundred miles north of Valparaiso, in fact, the northernmost port in Chile, with a population of less than three thousand. By treaty made in 1905, between the two countries, Arica became a common port of Bolivia and Chile. It was Bolivia's only egress to the ocean before that country lost in the three-cornered war, and is regarded as the most picturesque port on the west coast, north or south. It was at Arica that the United States ship Wateree was carried a mile inshore by a terrible tidal wave in 1858. For years the Bolivians have hoped to regain ownership of Arica, which was once Peruvian territory, but the decision of the Argentina referee, President Alcantara, seems to have put a quietus on all such longings by awarding the province to its original proprietor.

Bad blood is sure to be engendered by reason of this arbitrary allotment, and it would not be surprising to see Argentina, Brazil, Bolivia, Chile and Peru engaged in a fierce mix-up. In this event Argentina and Peru are likely to be found in alliance, with Chile, Bolivia and Brazil opposing, although the latter country may elect to preserve neutral relations and allow the old combatants to fight it out together. Judging by the reports from La Paz, Bolivia's capital, the country is greatly exercised, and receipt of the news that Senor Fonseca, the Argentina minister there, has quit the capital may mean that a dec-

laration of war will follow, unless Argentina revokes her decision in regard to the coveted port. La Paz appears to be no longer a city of peace.

TUG OF WAR ON TARIFF AT HAND

NOW BEGINS the supreme effort of Senators Aldrich and the high tariff cabal to prove that black is white and a revision of the tariff upward is really a lowering of the schedules, for which the consumers should be under lasting obligations to the considerate statesmen who are determined to maintain the robbing rates, regardless of the President's promises and the implied pledge in the Republican platform. The Rhode Island fox may succeed in gulling a few into the belief that he is a benevolent despot, but the majority of voters will be inclined to place more faith in the ten independent Republicans, led by Senator Beveridge, who declined to stultify themselves and their party by acquiescing blindly in the program laid down by the chairman of the senate finance committee.

It is intimated from Washington that President Taft is hopeful that the conferees will be reasonable and that a satisfactory measure will be presented to him for signature. Inspection of the members of the conference committee, however, does not imbue one with equal optimism, but perhaps the President is disposed to be content with much less than his pre-election speeches indicated. We have in mind, for instance, his notable address at Milwaukee, last September, in which he said:

It is my judgment that a revision of the tariff in accordance with the pledge of the Republican platform will be, on the whole, a substantial revision downward, though there probably will be a few exceptions in this regard. As the temporary leader of the party, I do not hesitate to say, with all the emphasis of which I am capable, that if the party is given the mandate of power in November it will perform its promises in good faith.

There is a vast difference between the Payne bill which went to the senate and that which was returned by the upper house of congress to the conferees. More than six hundred amendments were made by Aldrich and his coterie, resulting in a marked advance in duties, taken in their entirety. This is a repetition of what happened to the Wilson bill in 1894, and again demonstrates that the lower house, as before, knows more accurately what the people are demanding than the wilfully blind senate chamber. Even the high protection representatives are ready to concede to the consumers more than they have ever yielded before, which sapient attitude, however, is not reflected by their senatorial colleagues. Just how far the latter will go in their folly can be better estimated after the President has taken off his gloves and displayed a threatening veto fist. Thus far he has said little that betrays his true sentiments on the subject. The nearest line we have had on his inward feelings was his interpolated remarks in his Yale alumni talk, on which we commented last week.

We construed that utterance as Presidential dissatisfaction with the bill shaped by the senate, and notification to the conference committee of what the executive and the country would expect in regard to pre-election tariff pledges. We find this is the view taken by the Springfield Republican, which says the Yale talk appears to serve notice on congress that if the Aldrich bill is not modified greatly in conference between the two houses, the country will be left in no doubt of the President's view that his party has broken faith with the people and deserves defeat, whether he vetoes the bill or not. The Republican does not seem to have much faith in that direction, however, knowing that it cannot be brought about "without a pretty complete nullification of all the work done on the bill by the senate finance committee and by the Aldrich Republican majority

through nearly three months of tedious and arduous debate and voting." In other words, without the overthrow of the Aldrich leadership.

BLOODLESS BATTLES ARE URGED

WITH JAPAN building Dreadnaughts, Germany reaching strong arms out in every direction, England and America clamoring for more battleships, the International Council of Women yet had the courage to meet at Toronto recently and, lo! the leading topic under discussion was "International Peace!" What is to come of a conflict of ideas like that? Women forcing men out of their "legitimate employments," again will be the cry, but it is not likely to have much force.

Bloodless battles are the only ones favored by women, in spite of the news from England. Extreme and ridiculous as the actions of the suffragettes appear to Americans, they probably have a foundation of reason and good sense. Women of every land learn to manage their own men; it is chiefly a difference in manner—sometimes in manners—and has become a feminine instinct by long, necessary practice. As Professor Thomas remarks in "Sex and Society," woman has had to "charm for her life," consequently, she has learned the trick. Trust the English women to know what they are about!

But to go back to international peace; this is one of the unlooked-for aspects of the suffrage movement. Women are tired of a good many things they have never talked much about—among others, the bearing and raising of stalwart sons to be targets for the latest invention in guns. Why? is a natural question and not easy to answer. Woman's work for centuries has been in the direction of thrift and economy; when she turns her attention to government her first impulse will be to stop waste. This makes for good housekeeping; why will it not better national housekeeping?

How woman suffrage is insidiously making its way and undermining opposition was amusingly made manifest in a conversation between two boys, which came under our personal observation lately. One, aged twelve, was regretting not having heard a debate on that topic at the Y. M. C. A. rooms, saying, in a wistful voice, "That's a subject I don't know a thing about!" His older brother replied, "Well, I know all I need to about it; there is no reason why they should not vote!"

This is certainly a new state of mind for a male of any age, and shows plainly enough how generally accepted the idea is. With all the swords turned into ploughshares, and all the soldiers into—cooks (?) what a desirable world it will be. International peace presupposes domestic peace, or at least a state of mind leading to that. Just now England is reported to be looking askance at Germany, and secretly making ready for war. Let us indulge the hope that the women of Great Britain and of Germany may be able to postpone that evil day, nay, avert it for all time.

OUR SANE ARCHITECTURE LIKED

VISITING ELKS this week have been heard to express undeniable approval of the residential and commercial style of architecture characteristic of Los Angeles. They have admired without stint the artistic cottages or bungalows, as we have come to designate these pretty, rose-embowered homes, and said many handsome things about the larger, statelier mansions of which Southern California's metropolis has a plethora, and to the building of which funds, in generous quantities, have been devoted, while the finest architectural talent in the country has been employed to give of its best in artistic designs. The result is a collection of beautiful homes, unsurpassed in any city of any size in the Union.

We have heard a few expressions of surprise on account of the fact that Los Angeles does not affect more skyscrapers in the downtown business section. The explanation is so simple that those who have raised the question agree that the answer completely dissipates all doubts. When M. Rey, the distinguished French architect and municipal sanitation expert, visited here several years ago, a number of high buildings were in incipient projection for the business district. At that time M. Rey was vigorously agitating

against congestion in business centers, and he made so urgent an appeal against the erection of tall buildings in Los Angeles that a movement was begun which resulted in limiting the structures to a reasonable height.

Reasons for this are many, and obvious. Imprimis, there is no need of crowding our workers into steel cages, seeing we have an abundance of fine building sites in every direction and a magnificent system of trolley lines, making possible the spreading of the business district over a large area. It has been long realized that many of the worst evils incident to the growth of great cities are due to the unwise massing of tall buildings, thus forming restricted business centers. While these are strictly utilitarian arguments, there is, in addition, the hideous, inartistic and altogether depressing effect created by gray walls of granite which line the streets of so many eastern municipalities, built under the old regime. In short, we prefer to let God's sunshine in on us, in the business portion, as well as in the residence part of the city.

MOTHERS' DAY FUND CONTENTION

IS THE WIFE of a well-known clergyman of this city, originator of the Mothers' Day Fund idea, at the head of that movement, or does official control rest in the Mothers' Congress, that body of earnest women working for the uplift of mothers and children in Los Angeles and other cities? Apparently, this moot question is to remain a bone of contention among the women who have worked so assiduously to create the fund and now are at loggerheads as to who shall have the credit. This, too, despite the public statement made in relation to the controversy, and what appears to be a genuine desire on the part of both factions to arrive at an amicable understanding.

We hesitate to intrude even a thought in so delicate a disagreement, but, being wholly disinterested in the matter at issue, venture to inquire the real cause of the misunderstanding, as charitably disposed persons are inclined to classify this internecine quarrel. Surely, it is not self-aggrandizement they are seeking! This suggestion we indignantly put aside, for it could not be possible that the women who carried to so successful fruition the splendid fund-raising campaign they conducted last May engaged in the work because of any personal glorification they expected to attain because of their labors. Love of notoriety? This, too, is not to be countenanced in the face of the dignified lives of these women, who are all well known in the community for their good works. Simply a misunderstanding—the peacemaker has said it.

Now, what is the sensible, kindly and altogether lovely course of procedure for these women? Shall they seek to still the troubled wave by continuing to maintain an attitude of undignified disdain for one another, by harboring an unshaken belief that each faction is wholly in the right, thereby utterly failing to grasp the golden opportunity for forbearance, self-effacement and the true charity which is the foundation principle of the good they would accomplish?

How dignified and how appropriate a course for these women to pursue were they to get together and settle their differences without regard to individual preference, with its savor of selfishness. To lay aside personal grievances—what does it signify that one or another is at the head? Is it for place or prominence they labor, or is it for a cause? To the outsider, to the unprejudiced observer, the situation is lamentable in that it not only threatens the overthrow of what promised to be a splendid and far-reaching philanthropy, fraught with good to many careworn mothers and dependent little children, but the disruption of friendships and confidences, which must be of even greater moment to any community.

What will it matter, a score of years hence, whether it was the congress or the committee that stood in the foreground? In the old Bible story of the wise king with the infant whom two women claimed, who was it first relinquished her demands when she learned that to hold out longer meant death to the child? Was it not the true mother, who, by her voluntary act, proved the

legitimacy of her claims? Let the women gather in the right spirit of self sacrifice, having only at heart the good of their fellow creatures and a desire for true public service, and see how quickly all differences will vanish into thin air.

GRAPHITES

Notwithstanding the appropriation for the post-office department last year was twenty million dollars greater than for the one preceding, the report of the postmaster general reveals a deficit of seventeen millions. Yet the receipts have increased, but not sufficiently to equal the expenditures. Apparently, the great factor in this budget of expenses is the rural delivery system, which is costing thirty-five millions a year. Second-class mail matter, regular publications, which constitutes 63.91 per cent of the weight of mail carried and yields only 5.19 per cent of the revenue, evidently is a close second in the way of unprofitable traffic. A writer on public economics notes that one of the chief abuses in relation to second-class matter lies in the admission to the mails of papers which are published at a merely nominal price for the purpose of obtaining large circulations, which will command abnormal prices for advertising. This is a grievous wrong, and the postmaster general should make an effort to restrict this element from the enjoyment of the second-class mail privileges. In his report, he intimates that abuses of this nature can only be cured by legislation, but we agree with the writer in Weber's Weekly that he is shirking his plain duty in thus attempting to shift the burden of initiative to congress.

Senator Beveridge has grown immeasurably in political stature by reason of his attitude toward the iniquitous tariff measure sought to be foisted on the people by the Republican senators who have repudiated the implied platform promises of the party. As he said in his closing remarks, "A promise to a people is sacred. It is the Republican party's pride that it performs its promises, and its promises are the expression of the people settled demands." To keep that solemn pledge has been the purpose of the ten Republican senators who have dissented from the views of the Aldrich cabal, bent on forcing excessive protective duties on the country. The courageous senator from Indiana is right when he says the bill, as it stands, is not Republican, is not non-partisan, but bi-partisan. Senator La Follette, by the way, riddles the assertions of Aldrich that revision downward has been accomplished, by presenting official estimates, prepared by the bureau of statistics, which show sharply the difference between the Aldrich bill and the Dingley law. The increases, numbering 243 items, total \$146,125,000, the decreases, 529 items, foot up \$93,529,000, or revision upward, in the main, of \$52,596,000, which is added to the existing duties.

Although Sarah Orne Jewett, who died recently, in her sixtieth year, had ceased to write eight or nine years ago, from 1877 until 1901 she produced upward of twenty novels, of which her first book, "Deephaven," ever remained the most popular, although "The Country Doctor" and "A Marsh Island" measure well up to it in general favor. Miss Jewett was not a writer of the first rank, but she was graceful, polished and sympathetic in her style, and for true literary qualities her work surpasses that of the better-known New England group of which Mary Wilkins Freeman, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward and Rose Terry Cook are shining lights. One commentator says she has "clothed the tale of New England life, homely and intimate in its details, with the beautiful grace of the essayist." Miss Jewett was a woman whose personality was as charming as her style, tall and dignified, with a well-bred grace and courtesy of manner. She was born September 3, 1849, at Berwick, Me.

William Jennings Bryan, in the course of an interview at Kansas City, told a reporter that he regarded the tariff bill as a bad, bad bill, adding, "But I am waiting to see what is the Republican definition of the word 'revision.' I know what the dictionary says about it. I suppose I shall not have long to wait. But it is important to know." It is interesting to learn that Mr. Bryan believes there will be no new party because of the tariff situation, since, as he explains, "if the people want tariff reform, they can get it through the Democratic party." This would have more weight but for the stultification of certain Democratic senators who not only have voted assiduously with Aldrich for higher schedules, but, in addition, have repudiated their party platform pledges.

BROWSINGS IN AN OLD BOOK SHOP

IMAGINE my delight at stumbling upon a first American edition of Tom Moore's "Lalla Rookh" this week at the Old Book Shop. Water stained, discolored by time's untender treatment, split up the back and the pages a trifle mutilated, but not a leaf missing, the voluminous notes intact, a vignette of the poet carefully preserved and the dedication page "To Samuel Rogers, Esq. By His Vry Grateful and Affectionate Friend, Thomas Moore," bearing date, May 19, 1817. The publisher is that same M. Thomas, of Philadelphia, who brought out the first "complete" edition of Lord Byron's works, either English or American, with many poems not to be found in any other edition, several of which were from manuscript, thus enabling the enterprising publisher to obtain a copyright. The portrait of Tom Moore, gracing the title page, was taken at the time of the poet's brief visit to this country in 1804, and which was generally considered an excellent likeness. Mr. Thomas evidently lost no time in putting his edition of "Lalla Rookh" on the market, since it is dated 1817, the same year that gave the original English edition to Tom Moore's admirers.

But there was no need. "Lalla Rookh," the romantic, oriental tale of love, which so captivated the English and continental courts—even the imperial family of St. Petersburg presented the poem on the stage in the grand palace—found thousands of admirers in this country and quickly went into a second and later editions, with the deferred illustrations added. I expect the American women secretly adored the fascinating Irish poet in quite the same way their British sisters of high degree openly petted and caressed him. I am wondering if the original owner of my first American edition of "Lalla Rookh"—I find her name on the title page, written in a good bold hand, "Susan L. Lowndes, 1818"—was young or middle aged, a spinster or married? No matter. I venture to say she wept with the sweet princess of Delhi over the pathetic tales sung by Feramor, the young poet from the vale of Cashmere, went into ecstasies when he recited the story of "Paradise and the Peri," and on her spinet accompanied herself as she sang of that bower of roses by Bendemeer's stream. What joy, too, for her, the discovery that Feramor was a real prince and Lalla Rookh—but I will refer to that later. I am certain Sarah L. Lowndes—I wonder if "L" was for Lucy or Lucinda—had a blissful time reading Tom Moore's masterpiece; it was a sentimental age.

But does anyone read "Lalla Rookh" now? I fear not many. We of this day and generation have just as much sentiment as had our forebears of ninety years ago, but, alas, we have so many more disturbing things to engross our attention, requiring a cannon ball speed of mind to touch ever so lightly as they go galloping past, that long poems of sentiment are perforce neglected for lack of opportunity, of time. Yet "Lalla Rookh" is an exquisitely told romance in rhyme. Of course, all readers of The Graphic will recall the argument, although, as it is years since many may have looked into the poem, their memories may need refreshing. Abdalla, king of the Lesser Buchar, having abdicated the throne in favor of his son, set out on a pilgrimage to the shrine of the prophet, and, passing into India, through the delightful valley of Cashmere, made a brief stay at Delhi on his way. Here he was entertained in royal magnificence by King Aurungzebe and, later, was escorted with the same splendor to the port of Surah, whence he embarked for Arabia. But before leaving Delhi the royal pilgrim arranged a marriage between the prince, his son, and the youngest daughter of the emperor, Lalla Rookh, or Tulip Cheek, a princess described by poets of her time as more beautiful than any of the heroines whose names and loves embellish the songs of Persia and Hindoostan. It was intended that the nuptials should be celebrated at Cashmere, where the young king was to meet, for the first time, his lovely bride-to-be, and, after a few months' repose in that enchanting vale, conduct her over the snowy hills into his own kingdom of Buchar.

Comes the day for Lalla Rookh's departure from Delhi, which is accomplished in all the pageantry of oriental display. Bazaars and baths are covered with richest tapestry, hundreds of gilded barges float upon the Jumna, while on the streets groups of beautiful children strew delicious flowers in the path of the princess and her train. Her father hangs a cornelian of Yemen about her neck, on which is inscribed a verse

from the Koran, and takes a final leave of his sweet young daughter. Then he stands on the balcony of the royal palace and waves a farewell to the procession as it moves slowly on the road to Lahore. It is a superb cavalcade. From the gardens in the suburbs to the imperial palace it is one unbroken line of splendor. The costly armor of the rajahs and mogul lords, the glittering of the gilt pineapples on the top of the palanqueens, the embroidered trappings of the elephants, the rose colored veils of the princess' own sumptuous litter, the lovely troop of Tartarian and Cashmerian maids of honor sent by the young king to accompany his bride—all is brilliant, tasteful and magnificent. It pleases even the critical and fastidious Fadladeen, great nazir or chamberlain of the harem, in charge of the princess, who is borne along in his palankeen, immediately behind that of the princess, himself by no means an unimportant part of the pageant, at least in his own estimation.

For a time the novelty of the journey, the beauty of the scenery through which they pass, serves to interest the mind of Lalla Rookh and delight her imagination. At evening, or in the heat of the day, they halt in a retired and romantic place, on the banks of a clear running stream, or again under the sacred shade of a banyan tree, from which can be discerned glades dotted with antelope, with glimpses of wild peacocks and turtle doves. But even these charming accessories in time pass; even the conversation of the lovely women about her and the chamberlain no longer is interesting, and Lalla Rookh sighs for other forms of entertainment. Just as the nights and noondays are beginning to move heavily it is recollected that a young poet of Cashmere, famed for his story-telling proclivities, is in attendance, and on whom his royal master has conferred the privilege of being admitted to the pavilion of the princess, that he may help to beguile the tediousness of the journey by his most agreeable recitals.

Lalla Rookh is indifferently acquiescent; she has seen minstrels in her father's hall and has conceived no favorable idea of their type. But when Feramor is presented she is inclined to alter her opinion. He is a youth of little more than her own age, gracious, heroic appearing, beautiful. His dress is simple but costly, his flowered vest hung with strings of fine pearls, his sandals exquisitely embroidered. For the purpose of relieving the pauses of recitation by music, the poet holds in his hand a kitar. Having made a deep obeisance to the princess he begins his first story of the Veiled Prophet of Khorassan, khorassan signifying in the old Persian language, province or region of the sun. It is in this sad tale of Zelica and her lover Azim, that is introduced the beautiful song beginning:

There's a bower of roses by Bendemeer's stream,
And the nightingale sings round it all the day long;
In the time of my childhood 'twas like a sweet dream
To sit in the roses and hear the bird's song.
That bower and its music I never forget.
But oft when alone, in the bloom of the year,
I think—is the nightingale singing there yet,
Are the roses still bright by the calm Bendemeer?

Lalla Rookh resents the necessary interruptions in the progress of the story. She grows pensive, thinking of the misery of the young lovers and mentally likens Azim to Feramor, who is now much in her thoughts. At the conclusion of the tragic tale, which is critically considered by Fadladeen, Feramor retires and for several days Lalla Rookh does not dare ask for another story. But the poet continues to visit the palankeen of the princess, where he is ever a welcome guest, perhaps too dangerously welcome. It is in the small Valley of Gardens, a few evenings later, that, as they sit enjoying the cool fragrance of this delicious spot, Lalla Rookh remarks that she could fancy it the abode of that flower-loving nymph whom they worship in the temples of Cathay or one of those Peris, those beautiful creatures of the air, who live upon perfumes and to whom a place like this might make amends for the paradise they have lost. In the eyes of the young poet she appeared, while she spoke, to be one of the bright, spiritual creatures she has been describing, and he says, hesitatingly, that he remembers a Story of a Peri, which, if the princess had no objection, he will venture to relate, whereupon he begins the recital of that famous "Paradise and the Peri," which is one of the great charms of "Lalla Rookh," and which materially helped to establish Tom Moore's reputation. It opens, as all will remember:

One morn a Peri at the gate
Of Eden stood disconsolate;
And as she listens to the springs

Of Life within, like music flowing,
And caught the light upon her wings
Through the half-open portals glowing,
She wept to think her recreant race
Should e'er have lost that glorious place.

At Lahore the cavalcade is met by messengers dispatched from Cashmere by the young king, who inform Lalla Rookh of the sumptuous preparations being made for her reception. But, instead of receiving the news with joy, she is greatly cast down, and the reason she discovers to herself is because she is in love, irretrievably in love, with young Feramor. To prevent herself from being culpable, as well as unhappy, she resolves not to admit Feramor to her presence again; she must try to forget him. Leaving the splendid scenes enacted in honor of her arrival, Lalla Rookh resumes her journey and soon learns, by the overhearing of a song, that Feramor is as deeply in love with her as she is with him. She welcomes an excuse to send for him, and is shocked to note how pale and unhappy he appears, so that she repents of her cruelty in having so long excluded him. When he offers to recite a story of the fire-worshippers of Persia, she has not the heart to refuse him. It is a melancholy love tale, and in her saddened state, Lalla Rookh could have wished that Feramor had chosen a sprightlier theme. Close to the borders of the Forbidden River, in the Royal Gardens, Feramor recites a short story, or rhapsody, concerning the Sultana Normahal, the light of the harem. The familiar lines begin:

Who has not heard of the vale of Cashmere,
With its roses the brightest the earth ever gave,
Its temples, and grottoes, and fountains as clear
As the love-lighted eyes that hang over their wave?
O, to see it at sunset, when warm o'er the lake
Its splendor at parting a summer eve throws,
Like a bride, full of blushes, when lingering to take
A last look of her mirror at night ere she goes.

This is the end of Lalla Rookh's enchanting period. They now begin to ascend the barren mountains which separate Cashmere from the remainder of India, and the delightful evening encampments are discontinued. Poor Lalla Rookh! She grieves for her poet and dreads the ending of the journey and her approaching nuptials with the young king. They descend into the beautiful valley and here gay pomp and processions innumerable greet her passage. Arches and fireworks, kindness and splendor everywhere attest the good heart and good taste of her betrothed, but she sighs for Feramor and trembles at the thought of the next day, when she is to meet the king, her affianced husband. They enter the grand canal, sail under the arches of various saloons until at length they arrive at the last and most magnificent, where the monarch awaits his bride. She is so agitated that with difficulty she steps off the barge and ascends the marble steps, covered with cloth of gold. At the end of the hall are two thrones. On one sits Aleris, the youthful king of Buchar; the other is reserved for her. As she enters the saloon, the king descends to meet her, but scarcely has he taken her hand in his than she screams with surprise and faints at his feet. It is Feramor himself who stands before her! He is the sovereign of Buchar. He it is who has won her love as a humble minstrel and now claims his princess as bride! Happy? Who could doubt it, after such a beginning. We read with delight that ever after Lalla Rookh never called the king by any other name than Feramor.

It is a charming story, and when one considers that the author poet was never within sight of India, his colorful and accurate descriptions of the country create no little astonishment in the mind of the reader. But he had studied its flora and fauna diligently and especially its literature from English and other viewpoints. The London correspondent of The Graphic, Mr. Cooke, writes me that although the cottage at the foot of Maxwell Hill, Middlesex county, occupied by Tom Moore, in 1817, was not the actual place where the poem was written, it was there that he was living when "Lalla Rookh" was published, hence it was ever after known as Lalla Rookh cottage. It was a low, brick building, with a verandah in front and a lawn sloping down to a pond by the roadside. It was here that his eldest daughter, Anne Barbara, died, and was buried in, Hornsey churchyard. A modern villa now stands on the site of Moore's cottage, which bears the same poetic title. But Tom Moore wouldn't recognize the environment were he to revisit it in the flesh. The demon of improvement has seized upon the neighborhood, and new buildings, with electric wiring, are rising all about. A few fine old trees are all that remain of the period of 1817, when "Lalla Rookh" was new.

S. T. C.

AT THE THEATRE DES MARIONETTES

Remarkable Exhibition of Manikins in the Italian Quarter in New York

IF YOU ARE strong of stomach and eager for experience, you can do worse than visit the Theatre des Marionettes on Elizabeth street. Marionettes of varying degrees of excellence have from time to time been seen in New York, but here and there in the Italian quarter they sometimes assume a certain degree of permanency. Elizabeth street is not far away from Mott street of Chinatown fame on one side and from the Bowery on the other. It is a short street, and one of the most crowded with Italians. If you are familiar with the region, it is not difficult to find the "theater," but if not, it is hardly worth while to look for it, for the chances are that you will not find it. One night, when within two numbers of the place, the people who lived next door could give no information about it. When it was finally located, we had to take our courage, not to mention our skirts, in both hands and ascend a narrow, dark, little stairway. At the top of the flight was a door beside which, behind a table, sat the doorkeeper, who quickly and painlessly extracted from each of us the sum of 10 cents. Then we found ourselves in the "hall." In reality it was the front and back room of an ordinary second story thrown into one. At the far end was a rickety stage, covered by a tiny curtain. In front was a square tin pan called by courtesy a piano, and a "musician" drew forth sounds from it while we waited for the performance to begin. Eight or ten benches were stretched in front. As many of the audience as wanted to sit made themselves as comfortable as possible. The others stood in the back of the room and wandered in and out at will.

Presently, from the side of the curtain, was thrust out a head. It was crowned with a shaggy growth of hair, and further ornamented with an exuberant mustache and beard. His shirt collar was open at the throat, and altogether the man seemed to be ready for the fray. He looked the audience over and smiled, showing a fine set of teeth and a pair of beautiful Italian eyes. Still looking, he pulled a cord. The little curtain parted, jerked itself across the stage and disclosed the scene of action. There was an infinitesimal back drop, with an outdoor scene painted crudely upon it, otherwise there was no stage setting. Then the performance began. In a rich voice the fiery man behind the scenes began a dramatic recital in Italian. It mattered little whether or not one were fortunate enough to understand the exact import of the words. One could not help but comprehend the feeling back of them, for the man had the keenest dramatic instinct. First, there was a description of a lovely, idyllic country and of the people who dwelt there. Then the actors began to appear. Apparently, they were life-size figures, and they moved jerkily across the stage, a mode of progression evidently directed from above, as an iron rod in the top of the head and another in the right arm testified. One after another the principal characters were disclosed to view. After that there was no mistake in identity. The same fair maiden and the same doughty knights were intertwined in a love affair that involved the fair one in tears and the knights in a bloody battle, in which their retainers met in mighty clashes and fell in heaps upon the floor until the story was brought to a good stopping place. It was not finished. The same story runs sometimes two or three months. Usually it is the history of the Cid or of an equally redoubtable hero, whose adventures are followed from night to night. The man behind the scenes was far too busy to read the lines or refer to a book. He knew the story and he improvised the lines, impersonating all the characters in turn except the maiden, for whom his wife supplied the feminine voice. He was the soul of the performance. He had to see that the manikins were properly managed and, occasionally, when the battle was particularly fierce, he had to lend a hand to make the knights keep up a proper semblance of courage.

Whenever a particularly touching or exciting place came in the narrative, he poked his head out from behind the curtain to see how the audience was taking it. During one of these peeps he caught sight of strangers and, beckoning with a disengaged hand, he made it clear that we were to come on the stage and go behind the scene. At first we were shy about taking advantage of the offer, but we learned that it was the custom, and we were glad of the invitation, for the most interesting feature of the evening was a sight of the mechanism and the crude materials out of

which was produced an illusion of some power. Behind the funny little back drop was a long bench, and on this stood two little boys about thirteen years old. They were the stage hands. At a signal from the man in charge, they grabbed with both hands the iron rods that supported the figures and pulled with all their strength to get the manikins on the stage. The figures were three or four feet high, but, somehow, from the front, they gave the illusion of life size. This was due to a crude arrangement of three flies, which hung at a definitely increasing depth, so that an effect of distance was created, which caused the figures to appear farther away and consequently larger than they really were. Try as I would, I could scarcely move the figures, which were very heavy, weighing almost two hundred pounds. For this reason the man had to lend a hand in the battles. While we were behind the scene, a particularly fierce contest was in progress. The man lifted two figures completely off the floor, swung them with all his might, and, as they struck, one or the other was likely to fall from his hand to the ground creating the impression of dissolution, with accompanying thunder, rather than of death. With such treatment it was evident that to withstand the stress it was necessary for the figures to be made of heavy metal. I marveled at the reserve force of the man, who, with the perspiration pouring from him in the heat and the effort to lift and wield the figures, yet kept perfect control of a voice that for power and sweetness I had rarely heard the equal. With his voice alone he could carry his audience with him, and I did not wonder at his desire to see the effect that he created.

At one side of the stage was the stock in trade, perhaps two hundred of the marionettes, hanging each on his hook. The man kept in his mind the identity of every one, and once a character was assigned, it was not changed during the progress of the story. Some of the reserve were still waiting for an entrance. Others were not to appear at all, but were to be kept as a different personnel for the next sequence. The evening's pleasure was enough even to repay the week of tonsillitis that followed exposure to the bad air. There was no ventilation in the room, and to all appearances there had never been any. But worse than tonsillitis was the epidemic that made all the members of the party afterward walk like marionettes.

New York, July 12.

ANNE PAGE.

FROM THE "CITY OF PEACE"

PEACE surrenders to Peace in Santa Barbara. Even the desperate impatient must succumb at last to the spell of these wonderful vales. It enthralis him, though he knows it not. Men and women of the world rush hither madly, headlong, in express train and private car, in automobile and motorcycle. Many of them—most, I fear—see and feel little more than the dust they raise. They come from exchange and mart, from ball-room and "culture" club, from the court house, the dissecting room, from the pulpit, the press room and the stage. Alas! only a very few stay long enough to learn the alphabet of Santa Barbara.

And those who stay awhile rebel at first against the spell of peace. They still crave "action," speed, excitement. Yet even God himself did rest one day in seven. But, nowadays, who is He? Is He comparable in point of time or importance, with one's banker or broker, one's wife or mistress? Tut, tut! This is the twentieth century, and what we don't know isn't worth knowing. Suggest something different to the average high school victim of co-education, and don't be pained by the flip retort. It is only in the eyes of the innocent you find the truth.

Yet the consuming disease of the day is restlessness—lack of the power of repose. Our Golden Calf is a very Mercury. His feet are shod with electric wires, and he will soon ascend, not into heaven, but into a burning planet in an airship. It is this restless rush, this "get-there" brutality, which Mammon imposes and which threatens to destroy the heart of the nation. Americans have no monopoly of speed-strenuosity or of slavery to the Golden Calf, but it is our proud, vain boast that we lead the earth in dollars and cents, in pace and achievement. It is a clarion note, and we sound it with brazen trumpets and loud alarms. Nevertheless, Life and the Spirit have better things in store.

Santa Barbara supplies a perpetual but peaceful protest against speed. "Ha, ha," quoth the joshier, "you mean your ineffably, beastly roads!"

Nay, jester. I do not mind the "beastly" roads. I am slow and foolish enough to like them. To ride a restive horse "over the mountain," along a forgotten trail, washed away, here and there, by last winter's forty inches of rain (at Montecito) requires even as much skill and self-control as steering a devil-wagon in a Long Island race. Besides, Governor Gillett, if he realizes his ambition, of being re-elected on his eighteen million dollar "good roads" campaign, will cure all that, and no speed maniac need complain, even now, of what is provided for him over Las Casitas.

* * *

Is it not curious that the greatest newspaper man who ever toiled and preached in this country—for he established the greatest newspaper, the New York Sun—insisted that this first of six rules for his staff's conduct be observed constantly and faithfully: "Never be in a hurry"? How these self-glorified, flash-in-the-pan, young men who write their absinthe-lobster-salad screeds in the Hearst newspapers would scorn such law! Pell mell they snatch, like avid sharks, at the bait of vilest scandal; helter skelter they make public offal of it. Truly a pleasant process for the mind, and the hand of a once honorable profession!

* * *

Have you ever been in a Hearst news room? A visit to the maniac ward in an asylum for the mentally insane is a better sedative. The devil's own gospel must be collated at the devil's own pace which only the nerveless and the iron-gutted can survive. They fall by the wayside, and over their cups or in their drugged sleep they babble dodderingly of Hearst's crazy shops—of "scoops" and "beats." But give the devil his due! If a slave has been valuable to Hearst, "the boss" takes good care of him. He nurses and pensions the faithful and the efficient until they are fit for the galleys again.

* * *

"Never be in a hurry." We are all in a hurry. We must be if we care more for gold than God. And it is this lack of repose, of patience and of true thought, that is driving us, individually and collectively, as communities and as a nation—we know not where. And most of us care less. It breaks us down, if we do not break away in time, it demolishes haste, it destroys 'True Life.

* * *

Indulgently the native smiles, and pityingly, either at the Examiner's shrieking vagaries or at the visiting individual's wilful, thoughtless abuse of Life—its clear, silver opportunities, its prizes that are truly worth running for and winning. The Montecitan does not mind the jeers of the city man. He knows the reason of his "sloth." He may be a "mud turtle," but he is a philosopher. He cares more for one fine sunset than for all Hearst's fireworks and front pages. He is not cursed by "convention," he only conforms to such fashion as is convenient and wise. He lopes along through Life in constant hope, in patience and in peace, and if you asked him to trade seats with Rockefeller, Rothschild or even Harriman, he would think you palpably "dotty."

* * *

So it is that Santa Barbara relies on peace and spurns pace. Her children, however poor and humble, have learned the value, the vitality, of patience and repose. Every evening they watch "the sandman" close their own flocks' eyes. The frogs alone relieve the lark. And they think it crazy that every living creature should not pause at noon. So they are permanent, "from generation to generation." They are at peace, and they prosper, even when poor. The gentle man who has just shaved me has barbered the same people for seventeen years in the same chair. The real estate agent has just hung up a sign, "Off to the mountains. Hope to have some venison when I return." And the little children have forgotten what day of the week it is because every day is Sunday!

Santa Barbara, July 14.

Traumeri
(A Poetscript)

There is no sunlight in my phantom city,
No moon, no stars to glimmer fitfully,
But, clear as radiance of the holy chalice,
Streams out a wondrous light from the great palace
Which, towering, fronts the sea.

Thence come the strains of weird, unearthly music
The dread, mysterious harmonies of pain—
A pain, once in the human heart implanted,
Can find no voice, save in the land enchanted,
And never dies again.

The rhythmic chanting of a band of shadows,
Ebbing and swelling, with the waters' flow,
Sad as the sea's sob; then wild recurrent yearning
Bursts forth in wails, the echoes faint returning,
To vanish far below.

—L. C.

WALKS ABOUT OLD LONDON TOWN

What a Recent Brief Stroll in the Heart of the City Revealed of Historic Interest

NOT LONG ago, it was a Sunday afternoon, by far the best time for contemplation and reflection, I strolled into that usually busy thoroughfare, Wood street, and was startled to find that the venerable dwelling houses, situated between St. Alban's court and Oat lane, had been razed to the ground since my previous visit. Though possessing no particular associations, the quaint buildings were always regarded with a certain degree of curiosity by Londoners; the opening outward, upper windows, the queerly constructed staircase, the weatherboards over the front doors, and the outside folding shutters were among the features that indicated pretty nearly the period at which they were built. In demolishing the old pile, I learned of the finding of a number of rare coins, including one of Queen Elizabeth's "milled" sixpences, mentioned by Shakespeare, bearing the date 1582. Old "milled" money, whenever found, has always especial interest attaching to it, reminding one of the important change introduced in the manufacture of British coins at the early part of Queen Elizabeth's reign, the reform having really been greatly anticipated by the practical advisers of her youthful brother, Edward VI., the founder of Christ's Hospital.

* * *

I further ascertained in pursuing my inquiries that the antiquity of the dwellings was amply proved by the discovery of beams and walls of unusual thickness, the houses, in all probability, having been erected soon after the Great Fire of London. Beyond the fact that the site was at one time included in the scheme of a proposed central railway, and also in that of a new thoroughfare, there appears to be nothing more to say of the premises; unless it is that we believe the property was owned by Mrs. Dent, of that most interesting historic retreat, Sudeley Castle, Winchcombe, Gloucestershire. But when we take into consideration the immediate surroundings of the spot, the difficulty is to confine these remarks to the necessary limits of a newspaper article. To prove this, a five minutes' walk need alone be taken. Only those who have actually resided in the city know how fully to appreciate it under its differing aspects. The business man who resides in the suburbs has never enjoyed the privilege of a quiet hour in its midst, his one idea being hustle and hurry. Let any such take an early opportunity to visit the city on a fine Sunday afternoon, as I did. He will find hardly a street or court without its distinctive reward; that is, if he is at all of an antiquarian turn of mind, and more especially as, thanks to numerous writers, among whom poor John Timbs' name stands pre-eminent, there are so many facilities for studying the "ins and outs" of the different localities visited.

* * *

Just by way of illustration, let the stranger accompany me for the prescribed five minutes. Emerging from the east end of St. Alban's court, we find ourselves in Wood street, the sound of which at once recalls Harrison Ainsworth's "plague and fire" novel, "Old St. Paul's," and Wordsworth's "Reverie of Poor Susan," about a thrush at the corner of Wood street, on which spot the Royal Proclamation used to be read, and a fine tree, which we hope may long be protected, has stood for many years to remind one of the beauties of nature. The Wood street compter, or prison, stood on the east side, and close by, to this day, stands a large and important gold refinery, the entrance to which is nearly opposite the warehouse of Messrs. Dent, Allcroft & Co. Crossing from St. Alban's court, we are at the west end of St. Alban's church, which was rebuilt by Inigo Jones, and again by Wren. Much interest attaches to this sacred edifice, which belonged, it is said, at one time to the monastery of St. Alban. King Athelstane is supposed to have lived in a house between the church and Adle street, at one time called King Adel street. Passing down Love lane, we think of the old guild hall having had its frontage in Aldermanbury; then, turning into Gresham street (Lead lane), we are where the old coaches started for the north, the "Swan With Two Necks" being the booking office. In recrossing Wood street (the Hermin street of the Romans) the thought occurs that it is more than a century since the prisoners were removed from the Wood street compter, and that in January, 1661, Wood street was the scene of the severest fighting in the Anabaptist rising, the Trained Bands and Life Guards taking an active part in quelling the disturbance.

* * *

Continuing up Gresham street (Maiden lane)

we just glance at the Goldsmiths' hall, the general postoffice, and the site of the old French church in the distance, and passing the scene of the great fire of September 19, 1864, which led to the setting back of Messrs. Tapling's premises and the Haberdashers' hall, we turn into Staining lane, where, in the little chapel of the Haberdashers' Company, and behind which, in the hall previous to the existing one, the parliament commissioners held their meetings during the interregnum. We reach Oat lane, on the right of which, as we proceed westward, we leave our original site, St. Alban's court, and peep at the church yard of St. Mary Staining, which might be much improved at comparatively little expense, and passing the site of the church, one of those destroyed in the Great Fire of London, but not rebuilt, we come to Noble street, at a point where the city wall once touched. Turning to the right one notices the Coachmakers' hall, wherein the meeting was held that resulted in the Gordon riots. We turn again to the right into Silver street, not forgetting the Parish Clerks' hall, and as we hear the chimes ringing out "Auld Lang Syne," "Call'er Herrin" or the "Easter Hymn," the latter in this instance, as it is a Sunday afternoon, we talk of the inventive genius of the poor workman who constructed them, and also contemplate the fact that the bells are suspended in the tower of the church where Fox and John Milton are buried, and Oliver Cromwell was married, viz., Cripple-gate.

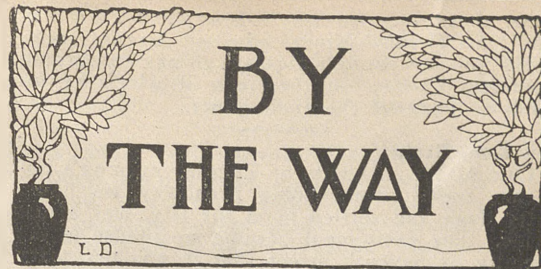
* * *

After noticing the fine buildings on the site of the great fire of December 9, 1882, when this part of the street was widened, we reach the spot where we started. Wood street proudly claims friendship with many good, kind and useful men, both past and present, as the names of Morley, Allcroft and Rylands suggest. It has its genial characters, too, not forgetting "Alfred Barnett," the dear old gentleman with a flower in his coat, who came to business as regularly as clockwork, though nearly ninety years of age. Lovers of animals will be pleased, if they visit this district, at the display of affection the cart boys show to their horses, kissing and caressing of the animals' heads being frequently seen during the period of waiting caused by the numerous blocks which are occasioned by the narrowness of the streets. Altogether it has been, for a short walk, one pregnant with historic interest, which the site of the old buildings or famous sites has revived.

London, July 12. EDWIN A. COOKE.

Maestro Stevenson's "Viennese Serenade"

Your true artist is modest and therefore he is wont to be poor. Likewise, the prophet is not known in his own country, but the profit obtaineth much. Great work is being done in Los Angeles every morn and evening, and its tale is not to be found either in the news or the advertising columns of the daily press—until it is successful in dollars and cents. This is all very well, according to the standard of the times, but the muses pay small heed to our daily spasms and shrieks. Among us dwells at least one truly great composer, upon whom some think the mantle of Handel himself has descended. It seems superfluous to add that I refer to my gifted friend, Frederick Stevenson. His chorales are chanted wherever English is spoken, and the Lord of Hosts is known. And yet—I hope I may be betraying no confidence—he is having a Dickens of a time attempting to be his own publisher. Mr. Stevenson this week received from the press the corrected proofs of the most ambitious and truly splendid work he has accomplished in many years. It is called "Viennese Serenade," and awaits only the printing press, the cost of which must be paid by the composer giving lessons, all of which, of course, must be abhorrent to his soul. The serenade is written in a seven-stave score: for violin, 'cello, first soprano, second soprano, first alto, second alto, baritone, piano and organ. In addition, there are the same violin and 'cello parts printed in separate forms. As ever, Maestro Stevenson has done his work thoroughly, which being interpreted means regardless of expense. Therefore, at present he is denying himself his usual summer holiday at Miramar or Santa Barbara, although this week the brave fellow was fearful lest his muse might be impaled on the horns of a roystering Elk. I shall not attempt to divulge the intricate charm and the splendid craft of the "Viennese Serenade," leaving it to my readers, with the hope that they shall be hearers also. I am Socialist enough to think that the state should publish such work as Stevenson's, even if it had to abandon the printing of vain politicians' professions and meanderings. Meanwhile, hoch der Friedrich, and may he laugh and grow fat on his own music and shredded wheat biscuit at the University Club.



Brains Win Over Sordid Cash

My compliments to the new grand exalted ruler of the Elks, James U. Sammis, whom I have known ever since he was a lad in school. His parents lived back in Illinois, at Oregon, where my people live, on the Rock river, in the seventies and eighties, although the most distinguished Elk in the order was born at Polo, fourteen miles southwest of the county seat. In those days, the youngster was called Uriah Sammis, which Biblical designation he seems to have submerged, preferring his first Christian name. It is all a matter of taste and habit. Uriah or James, he was a handsome lad, and he is a most attractive-appearing adult, with hair just turning gray, a melodious voice and soulful eyes. He moved from Oregon to Le Mars on attaining his majority. A brilliant orator and a good lawyer, the grand lodge of Elksdom is to be felicitated on its selection of brains versus cash in the recent contest for grand exalted ruler. The order is immeasurably benefited and advanced in the estimation of outsiders by its wise choice.

Redondo's Antlered Whale

That was a clever idea of Redondo—I'll wager a dolphin's fin it emanated in the fertile brain of Charles H. Burnett, the versatile president of Redondo's chamber of commerce—to enter in the allegorical festival parade, Friday, a float reproducing, in life-size, an antlered whale (spermus elkus grandlodgicus) an extremely rare species, noted for its large horns, purple scales and white fins and tail. I believe it was Frank Bullen, in his admirable "Cruise of the Cachelot," who declared that only once did the sperm oil seekers of the deep come across a similar specimen, and that was in New Zealand waters. The Redondo Beach rarity rested upon a bed of pink carnations and cherry blossoms; its guard of honor, comprising one hundred uniformed men, under Captain R. E. Matteson, in white duck with purple trimmings and white hats, made a stunning appearance. Redondo's unique float was built and decorated entirely by home talent, I understand.

Lesson Worth Noting

Considering the eager manner in which guests of the great Elk week have clamored for a sight of our Spanish missions and structures of adobe character, Southern California should be properly impressed with the imperative duty of protecting these historical reminders of early California. The allegorical memory of Ramona and Alessandro never will die, but should the landmarks of "manana" be wiped out, the Sunshine Land will have lost a flavor for which nothing modern, no matter how magnificent and costly, can provide adequate substitute. Therefore, the citizenship of this favored land ought to regard it as a personal obligation to assist the societies which are endeavoring to repair and protect the romantic structures of the day of the padre, when the shepherd held sway in the langorous atmosphere of rancho land.

Wit and Humor at Casa Verdugo

Casa Verdugo was the scene of a joyous gathering of the visiting newspaper men Elk contingent, guests of their local brethren, Wednesday night, when upward of 150 wits sat down to a Spanish dinner and surcharged the atmosphere with their scintillations between courses. With the handsome Douglas White as toastmaster, the fun waxed fast and furious, but at 11 o'clock a wonderful hush came over the assembly and as one man the company rose to drink, in silence, a toast to departed Elks. One of the hits of the evening was the cleverly edited Verdugo Spineless Cactus, copies of which were passed around to the guests. The sprightly sheet, of which those two born humorists, Winfield Hogaboom and Willie Wing, were respectively managing editor and associate editor, was full of hits and quips and elicited many hearty laughs at the expense of the visiting newspapermen. The editorial announcements showed the Spineless Cactus to be the "oldest paper in Casa Verdugo," the "official organ of Verdugo Chamber of Commerce" and "entered at the postoffice as serious matter." My compliments to the two facile pens that gave us so much genuinely humorous reading matter.

Even that profound wit, Editor Dick Ferris, of the Juab (Utah) Miner, who sat on my right, could not say enough pleasant things concerning Spineless Cactus, on the lines of which he intends to remodel the Juab Miner.

His Lost Bride

One of the incidents of Tuesday evening's immense crowd promenading Broadway, for hours after dusk had settled upon the city, was a lost bride. The excitement became so intense in the vicinity of Seventh street that it was necessary for the police to take a hand and restore some semblance of order and disperse the crowd. In the mass of humanity that struggled on the street a newly married couple became separated, and here was a predicament for the bridegroom that savored of a tragedy. Like a great hulk driven into an angry sea, without a rudder, the perturbed man was tossed here and there by the maelstrom that poured into Broadway from side streets and main thoroughfares. "Seen anything of a woman with a pink dress on?" he fairly yelled, as he fought his way through the crush. "Just married her; she's my wife and she is everything to me. What can I do? Yes, yes; small woman, wore a pink dress."

Here he was thrown against a fat woman who screamed loudly, "Get off my foot, man!" but the distracted benedict pushed on frantically.

"Pink dress on, small woman," he shouted. "Just went up the street," piped a newsboy with a grin, and the man took fresh hope. When he reached Seventh street he spied a woman with a pink dress, and grabbed her.

"My darling, my darling," he shouted in his excitement.

"Let me go, let me go," she cried. "I'm not your wife, you wretch!"

Then a crowd gathered, and a man in a straw hat and pink socks threatened to make it interesting for the rattled searcher. I lost track of the groom at this stage. Perhaps he is still wandering. I shall never forget his painful expression and agonized cry for the girl who wore the pink dress. I hope he found her.

Kind Words From Alabama

Alabama's press is remarking upon the civic regulations of Los Angeles. Correspondents attending the convention have incorporated in their daily dispatches those features which have impressed themselves upon the stranger as unique. Here are a few of the things which have been sent over the wire, rearranged by the correspondents for edification of The Graphic readers: "Los Angeles is truly a city in a class of itself. The questions she is facing form a mountain of study which is attracting the attention of all people. The world is closely observing the handling of the Owens river water scheme which has been handled, so we discover, without insinuation of graft. Your safety valve in municipal government is the board of public works, one of the most effective guardians of the people's funds ever devised. The 'recall' appeals to the stranger forcibly. Birmingham, now considering the commission plan, is proposing to follow your example in all these safeguards, for that city is about to expend large sums of money on improvements. The 'recall' is taking root down there. Another striking feature of Los Angeles is the entire absence of slums and other undesirable districts. In this you stand alone. We could hardly believe this could be true when we were informed of this splendid condition of your lower town, but we find it to be the astonishing fact. We freely bestow upon you the additional title of 'the model city.'" Hear, hear!

Arizona's Point of View

Alfred Cohn, editor of the Bisbee Miner, who has followed newspaper fortunes in Arizona for many years, has this to say: "Did it ever occur to you that Arizona spends a million dollars each summer in Los Angeles and vicinity, and that this year, because of the Elks' convention, half a million more is added to the 'easy' Arizona coin that comes to this city? Arizonans affect Los Angeles more because it is the most accessible point for a vacation outing, and hundreds of men who have made the 'big stake' in mining ventures in the copper, gold or silver camps of the territory have come here to reside permanently, purchasing or building fine residences and refraining from riding in plebeian street cars, because of a preference for the auto. But Los Angeles, apparently, does not appreciate what a source of revenue Arizona is, for Arizona gets nothing in exchange—that is nothing except what its people buy. Whenever money is wanted for developing a prospect the owner or his representative must go east or north for it; in fact, no one ever thinks of coming west for financial assist-

ance. As a consequence, hundreds and thousands of easterners and northerners have become wealthy from investments in the mines of Arizona, though, of course, luck has had as much to do with their successes as good judgment. But from a reciprocity standpoint there should be closer relations between Arizona and Southern California—relations which would provide, in a measure at least, a fair exchange in behalf of Arizona. Naturally, it is up to Los Angeles."

Brother Boyd Declaimeth

"Does your heart jump when you climb up to high altitudes?" asked E. M. Boyd of Honolulu. "Do you have any trouble with your automobile carburettor when you ascend a high grade, say up to a mile? Well, taking it ordinarily, conditions being normal, that is, when you find your gas mixture too rich, not air enough to give you the proper kick in the cylinder, if you ever had any heart trouble look out for it. The relation is absolute. In a hundred cases there will prove an absolute analogy. The most favorable altitude for both heart and motor varies with the latitude, but here in California it might be fairly put at 2,500 to 3,000 feet. You'll find it so if you try it on yourself or note your neighbor's."

Why We Swell With Pride

Los Angeles has been the recipient of many floral avalanches in past years but all the while has maintained a modest mien. I think the "Sunshine City" may be pardoned for once for emerging from its retirement to make an elaborate bow to the admiring and applauding throng of distinguished guests now in the southwestern metropolis. The bombardment of bouquets is too overwhelming, gentlemen. We recognized that the most generous host of the country was about to precipitate itself upon the city and, in a measure, say gracious words regarding our climate, progressiveness, structures and citizens. But when the loyal citizens of the finest municipalities of the United States shower upon us the fragrant petals of such intoxicating perfume, we must acknowledge, in smothered accents, the honors of so much exotic exquisiteness. To see ourselves as others see us is indeed a pleasure and not the unpleasant revelation intimated by the Scot who made this prayerful wish. From the grand exalted ruler to the last member from the Atlantic coast have been heard words of extravagant praise. "The best yet," is the summary. It is sufficient for the whole gamut of emotion expressed.

Old Mission Decorations at the Big Book Store

One of the most ingenious store front decorations in the city is that displayed by Cunningham, Curtiss & Welch on South Spring street. It represents a striking phase of early California days and has elicited the unqualified admiration of a host of visitors. The effect, while not so dazzlingly brilliant as other of the more elaborately illuminated designs, is certainly one of the most artistic and original decorations. The design represents an old mission of adobe and plaster, and the generous plans stretch across the entire front of the store to the street curb. In the belfry are suspended what appear to be real mission bells, only they are of papier mache. But a concealed chime serves to heighten the illusion. Purple and white incandescent lights are used in outlining the mission. In awarding this decorative exhibit first prize, the committee made no mistake.

Significance of Boston Store's Decorations

Anyone who fancies that the Boston Store's beautiful decorations this week were entirely in honor of the visiting Elks is greatly mistaken. I happen to know that while, ostensibly, such is the case, as a matter of fact that fine splurge of electric coloring is to mark the advent of a second son to Manager J. M. Schneider, whose broad smile this week is not surpassed by that of any "Hello, Bill" in the city. The Boston's decorations, in addition to their magnificence, are truly artistic, which cannot be truthfully said of all the store front displays, although, as a rule, the designs are in excellent taste. My double compliments to Manager Schneider.

Host Whitmore's Busy Week

With his genial and perennial smile, Host Samuel I. Whitmore of the Alexandria Hotel has been ubiquitous this week in the entertainment of the vast herd of Elks. From early morning until long after midnight the spacious lobby has been thronged, and the mezzanine floor above filled with guests and onlookers. In this seething sea of humanity Proprietor Whitmore has edged his way about with a merry, welcoming word for all. I do not hesitate to assert that

with his regular duties of conducting one of Los Angeles' largest and handsomest hotels, the extra work imposed by a houseful of guests and the responsibility entailed by caring for the wants of thousands of visitors who have made the hotel lobby their reception quarters, Mr. Whitmore has been one of the busiest men in the city this week. As headquarters of James U. Sammis, the newly elected grand exalted ruler of the B. P. O. E., and of "Garry" Hermann, the defeated candidate, Hotel Alexandria has been the mecca of thousands.

Elk Time Fooled 'Em

Two good "eleven o'clock" stories came to me this week. Wednesday, the wife of a well-known merchant was down town shopping, and, remembering that she had an engagement with her dressmaker at 12:15, glanced up at the Brock & Feagan clock on Broadway, which, out of compliment to the visiting Elks, was stopped at eleven. She hurried over to a Fifth street cafeteria, only to find that it wasn't open for business, the hour being 10:15. That same evening a man and his wife who were down town seeing the electric display decorations, also looked up at the same clock and concluded it was time to go home. To their amazement, when the husband wound his watch, preparatory to putting it under the pillow, he found it was only a few minutes past ten.

How Broker Sullivan Failed as a Host

Brokers of the Los Angeles stock exchange have been joshing D. C. Sullivan, one of the prominent members, on the manner in which he viewed the parade Thursday morning. Mr. Sullivan has attractive and spacious office rooms in the I. W. Hellman building, and generously invited a number of his friends to see the marchers from his windows. The hour for the grand pageant came, but no host appeared to admit his guests. In fact, the door of Mr. Sullivan's offices was locked tight and fast. Manager Parsons of the Los Angeles stock exchange, who was among those invited, came to the rescue with an idea, and subsequently the janitor and a key. The latter proved the sesame and the group of brokers took possession of the rooms, whence they had a fine view of Elks' procession. It was not until long after the last of the parade had disbanded that news of the missing host was gained. He had been detained at Pasadena, where he lives, and after repeated efforts to pass the vigilant police officers on guard, he submitted to the inevitable, and while his invited guests made merry in his offices, he occupied a small space of sidewalk in front of Desmond's store.

Fine Outing for Graves and Sherman

That is an enjoyable outing which President J. A. Graves of the Los Angeles Clearing House Association and vice-president of the Farmers and Merchants National is taking in company with his son, Francis, and General M. H. Sherman. Leaving here Monday, via automobile, they will tour north, leisurely, making their first lengthy stop at Lake Tahoe, where Mr. Graves will meet I. W. Hellman, president of the Farmers and Merchants Bank. After a few days' rest they will go to Hamilton, in Glen county, thence to Bartlett Springs. At Willits, in Mendocino county, where they plan to arrive about August 1, they hope to get a head or two of deer, after which they will proceed on their way to the Bohemian Club summer jinks, scheduled for August 5. I am glad I am not of an envious disposition—and yet.

George Mackay and the "Millionaire Kid"

Perhaps not all of George Mackay's friends who read of the rather picturesque proceedings on the S. S. Mauretania, which the dispatches gave us, via New York, last Saturday, realized that reference was had to the handsome bachelor buyer of the Boston Store, just returning from a purchasing trip in Paris. It seems that Byron D. Chandler of Boston, known as the "Millionaire Kid," having espoused Grace La Rue, the actress, is kept on the mental rack by the eccentricities of his wife, who enjoys creating sensations. Her latest freak of fancy is the wearing of a gown of transparent material which, she admits, made her the cynosure of all eyes at the Grand Prix races, at Longchamps. This escapade, naturally, caused her to be greatly discussed, and when Mr. and Mrs. Chandler appeared on the Mauretania, the talk was revived by the men in the smoking salon. A quartet consisting of the Duke of Sutherland, Viscount de Sonaille, John R. Fowler of St. Louis and our own George Mackay may or may not have meant to refer to Mrs. Chandler when they indulged in chansons, such as "My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean," or to Mr. Chandler when they sang "If You Ain't Got No

Money, You Needn't Come Around," alluding, as he asserts, to his bank roll. At any rate, he took offense, and, calling on all four, told them they must stop. But as Chandler is only five feet three, they did not take his warnings seriously. George Mackay suggested that he run away and play, whereat Byron says he slapped him. That is his version. George declares he grasped the "Millionaire Kid" by the arms and made him apologize. You can take your choice of the reports. I have my own opinion, of course.

Avery McCarthy Chaperones Harry Van Dyke

Steaming out of New York harbor today are E. Avery McCarthy and Harry Van Dyke, en route to Gastein, Austria, where, by the way, Mr. Harriman is trying the water cure. I had supposed that my friend Avery could get all the salt baths he needed at Redondo, but perhaps the Redondo kind is not so good for neuritis as the Gastein variety. Before heading toward Austria Messrs. McCarthy and Van Dyke will make brief stays in London and Paris, to be succeeded by a jaunt through Switzerland. Sir Harry is anxious to include Venice in his itinerary, but Avery will not consent, fearing that the good looks of his traveling companion may subject him to the annoying attentions of incognita princesses. They will be away from Los Angeles five or six weeks.

What a Day's Mail Brought

In the same day that brought a letter from London, telling me of the advent there of the Letts-Luther party, came a train-written missive, informing me of the speeding continent-ward of Messrs. Avery McCarthy and Sir Harry Van Dyke, while the third delivery of mail left on my desk a frapitious colored postcard, showing a tropical scene on Catalina Island, with the unruffled blue of the ocean and turquoise sky luring one from sultry office seaward. This latter reminder was from Fielding J. Stilson, who is enjoying an outing this week at the popular resort controlled by the Messrs. Banning. An interpolated pen sketch of an individual, who, for lack of other distinguishing features, is labeled "F. J. S.," stands on the margin of the sea, pointing with one hand to the ocean and the other to the tropical jungle inland. There is this brief invitational line: "Come over! Water's fine, fishing's good!" I will.

Fred Flint Succumbs to the Inevitable

It will be news to many of Fred Flint Jr.'s friends to learn that he has forsaken real estate brokerage to engage in the automobile business, retaining his insurance agencies, however. Fred has bought a half interest in the Southern California agency of the Stoddard Dayton machine, forming a partnership with Norman Church, who still holds an undivided interest in the entire coast agency. The two popular business men are erecting a handsome building at Tenth and Olive, the lower part to be utilized as a show room and the upper half for repairs and equipment. I predict a boom in the Stoddard Dayton when Fred Flint's persuasive voice is in good working order. I felt sure that so ardent an autoist would succumb to the inevitable sooner or later.

Editor Towne on Cafeterias

I notice that Wm. E. Towne, one of the editors of the Nautilus Magazine, who, with his talented wife, Elizabeth Towne, visited friends in Los Angeles a few weeks ago, makes good-natured comment upon what he terms the "Cafeteria habit of the Pacific coast." He caught it here and describes in the July number of the Nautilus his pleasant initiation. He explains that a cafeteria is a restaurant where everyone waits upon himself. The tables are enclosed within a railing. You turn to one side upon entering and select from a counter a knife, fork, spoons and napkin for your use. You wrap the hardware tightly in the napkins to save space. Next you take a large tin tray from an inexhaustible pile near at hand and place the napkin and spoons upon one end. You then pass down a long counter where the food is displayed, all ready to serve, and a neatly dressed girl hands you a plate of salad, a dish of butter, a slice of bread, or whatever your selection may be. When your tray is heaped with all the good things you desire (including a glass of delicious California grape juice), you pass through an opening in the railing to where the tables are waiting. On your way through you come under the eagle eye of a young woman, sitting at a desk upon which is arranged an endless quantity of circular discs used as checks, each check marked with a sum of money. The amounts vary from one cent to sixty cents.

As you pass this capable young woman she glances over your tray and in an incredibly short space of time has figured the amount of your purchases and handed you a check which represents the total. You then select a table, arrange your food and begin. A Japanese boy takes away the empty trays and keeps the tables cleared of dishes. When you have finished you pass out at the opposite side of the room and hand your check and money to a cashier at a desk. You can't give any tips in the cafeterias, and it is all very simple and expeditious. I am glad Mr. Towne enjoyed this experience. Personally, I have yet to have it.

How Joe Dye Met Death

There may be better raconteurs than "Jim" Mellus and John Gaffey, but when it comes to telling stories of the early days of Los Angeles, back in the sixties, their equals do not exist. I was sandwiched between these two treasure houses of stirring yarns at luncheon recently and managed to deflect the conversation into a reminiscent channel. The name of one old-timer quickly suggested a story of his prowess, rashness or bluster, and when one paused for a moment his memory was quickly jogged by the other. I think it was Jim Mellus who chanced to mention the name of Joe Dye, whereupon John Gaffey recalled the tragic end of the noted character, who was shot dead by a former protege of his, Mason Bradfield. This happened in the eighties. They drifted apart, due to a dispute over land, and Dye had sent word to Bradfield that the town was not big enough for both; he must get out or take the consequences. As Joe was a pistol shot with many notches on his gun, this was equivalent to a death sentence if Mason disregarded the warning. But the young man, he was little more than twenty, did not propose to leave Los Angeles, and, although he hated to take harsh measures to protest himself, there was no alternative. Every day, at a certain hour, Joe would walk down toward the plaza. This habit was well known to Bradfield, who armed himself with a double-barreled shotgun and a Colt's revolver. When Dye appeared, Mason took deliberate aim and emptied both barrels of his gun into his oncoming enemy, who expired almost immediately, John Gaffey reaching his side as his eyes were closing in death. A jury acquitted Bradfield. The twelve men realized that Mason had no chance in an open fight with so sure a shot, and as Bradfield's life had been threatened, the latter was forced to arm himself and shoot first. But you should hear John Gaffey's thrilling recital!

Bob Carlisle's Tragic End

This bit of early history recalled a still more tragic encounter to the mind of Jim Mellus, dating back to the sixties. It seems that Jack King and Bob Carlisle had a quarrel in the old Bella Union Hotel, in the course of which Carlisle drove his knife into King's ribs. The latter, a big, powerful man, grabbed the blade and wrenched it free, but in doing so his fingers were fearfully lacerated. Bystanders separated them and King was taken home to El Monte, to repair damages. But he had two brothers who concluded to avenge his wrongs, and they rode into town, armed to the teeth, looking for Carlisle. Bob was found tilted back in a chair in the Bella Union, and without a word they opened fire on him. Desperately wounded as he was, they dragged him to the street, pummeling his head with the butts of their pistols at every jerk of his body. With a big tear in his vitals and his brains escaping from the hole in his head, they left him for dead on the sidewalk. Bob was a small man, but game to the end. As his assailants fell back he groped for his revolver, cocked it with difficulty, and shot one of the two men dead. Though nearly gone himself, he recocked his gun, balanced it on his left arm, and brought down his other man with a bullet that perforated both lungs. In a few minutes Carlisle was at his last gasp, and with almost his final breath he managed to say, "Well, I got those two chaps, anyhow, and I die content." But the one wounded in the lungs eventually recovered. Jack King, by the way, is still living in Los Angeles. He served as justice of the peace, years later.

Mason Opera House Owner's Sudden Death

Colonel H. C. Wyatt of the Mason Opera House has lost a good landlord by death this week, which came suddenly to John Austin Mason, at Ocean Park, Thursday morning. Mr. Mason had lived in Los Angeles for twenty-four years, coming here as a child of six with his widowed mother from Arizona. He had made many fortunate investments for a young man, and at thirty was the possessor of much valuable realty.

His wife and his mother survive him. I believe Colonel Wyatt holds what is regarded to be the finest lease ever given to a theatrical manager anywhere, which the late John Austin Mason made possible. It has five or six years of life yet.

Letts-Luther Party Having Fine Visit

Private advices from London assure me that Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Letts, son and daughters had a pleasant voyage across the Atlantic, with no sickness on steamer to record. "In fact," declares my informant, "not one of the party missed a meal!" Mr. and Mrs. Luther are having the time of their lives. "They are like two children on a vacation," writes my correspondent, who has just met the Letts-Luther party at the Carlton Hotel, where they are staying. Too bad Mr. Letts couldn't have seen his Broadway store decorations Elks' week, but I doubt if he would be inclined to forego his continental tour for the sake of a sight of Broadway in gala attire.

Dr. Wilfred Greenfell Succumbs to Cupid

It will be of interest to many Los Angelans who met Dr. Wilfred T. Greenfell of Labrador when he visited this city a few months ago, to learn of his engagement to Miss Anna MacClanahan of Lake Forest, Ill., the result of an acquaintance begun while Miss MacClanahan was traveling abroad, where she met the famous missionary-physician at the time he was carrying on negotiations for the support of his Labrador project. With the physician's visit to Chicago the first deep interest in his work developed into a warm friendship and he became a frequent guest at the home of Miss MacClanahan and her mother, both of whom are well known in Lake Forest. This friendship soon ripened into love. Dr. Greenfell's official title is superintendent of the Mission of the Deep Sea Fishermen of Labrador. He has an international reputation, having been decorated by King Edward VII. as a Companion of the Order of St. Michael and St. George, being the first individual ever to receive such honors as the reward for missionary work.

An Arctic Rhapsody

I'll hie me away to my summer place
Where the polar bear lies low;
I'll hobnob, too, with the Eskimo race
And live in a hut of snow.
I'll prance around with the sportive seals
That bask in the midnight sun,
And shiver and freeze as my blood congeals
When my daily work is done.

I'll hunt and fish with the Arctic chaps,
And skate in their native rinks;
I'll play "old sledge" with the jolly Laps
Or "freeze-out" for the drinks.
I'll play base ball in a field of ice,
In the palaeocrystic sea,
Where the diamond ever is cool and nice
And no "not balls" can be.

O, far away in that frigid zone
I'll linger at my ease;
And there on a glacier of my own
I'll calmly sit and freeze.
On "pancake" ice I'll sometimes sup,
On "calf" ice I will dine;
And "polar currents" to finish up
Will make a meal divine.

Then hie with me to my summer place;
Why sit ye stewing here?
O, come, and the festive walrus chase
In the northern hemisphere!
Don't boil and sizzle and worry and fret
In this and warmer zones;
But fly to a colder clime, and let
The wind blow through your bones!

—S. T. C.

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It is only of recent years that English literature has been augmented by really trustworthy information on South America, whose thirteen countries offer a rich field of observation to those travelers having time, opportunity and ability to tell of the peoples and scenery so well worth studying and describing in the Spanish-speaking republics beyond the Caribbean sea. Between Panama and Patagonia, Trinidad and Tierra del Fuego, lies a territory rich in resources, as yet scarcely more than skimmed, and presenting such a variety of interesting regions that to the visitor, be he botanist, zoologist, ethnologist or plain traveler, no country is more prolific. Its Amazonian jungles, its majestic peaks of the Andean Cordilleras, its aboriginal tribes, its rejuvenated, modern descendants of the subjects of that old Spain and Portugal, whose yokes no longer gall, combine in a Latin America of great importance to the student and scientist.

This vast Andean land has attracted many foreign writers in the last half century, but of down-to-date literature, treating of the South America since the war between Peru and Chile, English works on the subject are comparatively few. Dr. Albert Hale, of the Geographical Society of Rio de Janeiro, published a readable and interesting review of the southern republics two years ago, the result of twenty-five years of intimate association with the Latin speaking countries and extended residence there, but with more attention paid to the East Andean republics with their larger areas, where must take place, concludes Professor Hale, the great industrial advances of the century. Interesting his book undeniably is, but a newer, completer and more human account of the progress of the countries to the south is to be found in Chase S. Osborn's "The Andean Land," published by McClurg & Co., and containing more than fifty illustrations and four excellent maps.

Mr. Osborn is a member of the board of regents of the University of Michigan, but it does not appear that his visit to the southern republics was undertaken for the university; rather was it a labor of love purely. Mr. Osborn has filled two volumes of more than three hundred pages each with the results of his information, acquired at first hand, and although the author is careless at times in the construction of his sentences and in the employment of words, he has collected a wonderful amount of interesting material, and imparts his knowledge in a concise, business-like way, if not in the most approved literary style.

Brazil was the first country visited, and Rio the first port of call. Mr. Osborn prints a lot of interesting data concerning the Brazilian republic, whose boundaries touch those of every other nation in South America, save only Chile. Coffee and rubber are its chief exports. In 1907 Brazil had its record coffee crop of 19,000,000 bags, or two millions more than was needed to supply the demands of the entire world. Exports of rubber have reached as high as \$37,000,000 in a single year, but the trade has fallen off lately. The population is estimated at twenty millions, half of which is composed of negroes, Indians and mixed races. The indebtedness of Brazil is \$18, gold, per capita, while that of Argentina, with only five millions of people, is \$100 per capita. Contrast that with the \$9 per capita debt of the United States!

Buenos Ayres is the largest Spanish city in the world, just as Rio de Janeiro is the largest Portuguese city in the world, and Mr. Osborn pays the Argentine metropolis a deserved compliment for being well-lighted, watered, sewerage, paved, governed and parked. Its population is a little more than a million; Rio is somewhat short of that number. Uruguay and Paraguay come in for much interesting mention. The former is the smallest of the South American republics. It was formerly a part of Brazil, but revolted in 1825 and its independence was recognized three years later. Both Paraguay and Uruguay are buffer states, but seem to be in no danger of assimilation by their

big neighbors, Brazil and Argentina. From Montevideo Mr. Osborn traveled south to the Falkland Islands, where he found an Iowa man installed as American consul at Port Stanley. He gets \$2,000 a year for keeping the American flag flying, but hadn't seen an American ship in port in two years. One other American lives on the main island, an old tar from Maine, who owns a little tug and traffics between the smaller islands and Port Stanley.

Through the straits of Magellan to the Pacific coast the traveler journeyed and of Chile many informing chapters are given in a most entertaining way. A thrilling account of the terrible earthquake at Valparaiso is afforded in a graphic letter, written on the spot, by an eye-witness of the scenes, which Mr. Osborn was permitted to use. The writer, however, makes a curious error. Repeatedly she uses the word "tremblor" in place of "temblor," Spanish for tremble, i.e., earthquake.

In a graphic manner the author records his experiences in crossing the Andes from Valparaiso to Buenos Ayres, which is one of the features of a South American trip. Proceeding up the west coast, the entire three thousand miles of Chilean coast line receives intelligent comment, in which is unfolded much that is not altogether new to the reader, but on which the author sheds not a little new light. The disputed province of Tacna and port of Arica, about which Bolivia is now so exercised, is the subject of several pages of interesting data. Callao, Lima, and other Peruvian ports receive due attention, and the habits and customs of the country are treated at length. La Paz, the capital of Bolivia, is reached by way of Mollando and Arequipa. La Paz is a city of about seventy-five thousand, and has an elevation of 12,470 feet above the sea. It is in a kettle hole one thousand feet deep, and is built on the site of an old placer digging. A railroad has been surveyed to Arica, the former treaty port, three hundred miles distant, and part of the track laying done, but it is doubtful now if it will ever be completed.

Ecuador, Colombia, Venezuela and the Guianas complete the circle of countries described by Mr. Osborn, who, while he has only skimmed the surface of things, has managed to convey considerable information of a most interesting character regarding all the territory so entertainingly touched upon. In fact, considering the importance of his subject matter and the vast regions to be covered, the two volumes are veritable compendiums of statistics, history and description that make an extremely valuable addition to one's literature on the South American countries. Mr. Osborn is a conscientious chronicler, non-partisan in his observations and absolutely fair in his conclusions. He has placed his countrymen under a debt of obligation for the exceedingly entertaining and instructive work which the publishers have so admirably set forth ("The Andean Land." By Chase S. Osborn. Two vols. Illustrated. A. C. McClurg & Co.) S. T. C.

"Dragon's Blood"

Filmsy of plot and disjointed in structure, "Dragon's Blood," by Henry Milner Rideout, is not to be recommended to the reader who endeavors to use any sort of discrimination. Briefly, it follows for a time the career of Rudolph Hackh, a raw and verdant German just entering man's estate, who goes to China, the land of the dragon, as representative for a large mercantile concern in his native country. On his trip over, this innocent and interesting "griffin" meets and falls in love with a beautiful woman, who proves to be the wife of one of his future companions at Stink-Chau, and upon whom the marriage vows sit lightly. Arrived in China he is beset by thousands of dragons, real and imaginary. It is a black picture of the "heathen Chinee," but quite as nigrescent of his white brethren, let it be said. Rapidly following upon the heels of a pestilence comes an uprising of the natives causing the merry company of "foreign devils" to take French leave of the country after an exciting siege at the German's menage. The fair adventuress, Mrs. Forrester, runs off with a Frenchman of the party, saving Rudolph further pain of resisting her lures. A vague connection is hinted at to that man famed in legend who was dipped in dragon's blood to

The Bride of the Mistletoe

BY JAMES LANE ALLEN

A dramatic novel of great charm and interest, which will increase the already high fame of Kent's master of fiction. After a silence of six years this book will be eagerly acclaimed by Mr. Allen's many admirers as a novel of consummate skill, treating certain phases of married life on an elevated plane far removed from the ordinary.

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make him invulnerable, but, throughout, the reader will have to watch sharply or he will lose the connection. Neither this love story, if such by any stretch of imagination it can be called, nor that of Miss Drake and a rather coarse Englishman, named Heywood, whose animal courage is his most admirable asset, is worth the time it takes to read them, and the "blood and thunder" is melodramatic in the extreme. ("Dragon's Blood." By Henry Milner Rideout. Houghton Mifflin Co.)

"Bride of the Mistletoe"

James Lane Allen's new book, "The Bride of the Mistletoe," is not a story that will appeal to the taste jaded by romantic love tales and popular problem novels. Its note of mysticism is too deep, the artistic temperament of its characters is too strongly developed to make them seem plausibly human to the every day reader. And, yet, it is an appealing story, wistfully and delicately written, more as though it had been conceived in a woman's brain than a man's. The plot is unusual, in that it treats of the dying dreams, the fading illusions, the yearning desires of a woman crossing the threshold from youth to prosaic middle age, and who feels the bitter knowledge that the glorified love of her young life has utterly changed, that her husband regards her simply as his wife, a woman to be tenderly loved, but no longer his idealized bride. It is the cry of the woman who knows that she can never be anything but an incident in her husband's life—that he has dreams in which she has no place, and that were he again in his youth he could live happily with another woman, should he chance to love her. "The Bride of the Mistletoe" is the book of a dreamer and a book for dreamers. ("The Bride of the Mistletoe." By James Lane Allen. The Macmillan Company.)

"Stickeen"

John Muir has made no pretensions of writing a great story in "Stickeen," but he has evolved a simple and appealing narrative of his adventures with a little dog who accompanied him on a voyage to southeastern Alaska. Mr. Muir's descriptions are finely wrought, and the unusual locale of his tale allows him a wide field for word pictures of the vast dreariness of the land of glaciers. The story has the very breath of the silent places invigorating it. ("Stickeen." By John Muir. Houghton, Mifflin Co.)

Magazines of the Month

Optimism emanates from the covers of The Nautilus for July and the inner pages contain many messages from exponents of cheerfulness. Several good editorials by Elizabeth Towne are featured. Of particular interest to Los Angeles is the article by William E. Towne on "The Editors Abroad." Mr. Towne and his clever wife recently were entertained in this city, and in a letter home, which is given publicity in the current number of their magazine, the writer tells of his sojourn here, and relates at length his experiences in a Los Angeles cafeteria, which he cites as a Pacific coast institution and praises for its simplicity, cleanliness and celerity. Among other contributors to the current issue are Ella Wheeler Wilcox, Edith Maconber Hall, Edgar Lucien Larkin, Marchesa F. Alli-Maccaroni and Dr. W. R. C. Latson.

Three Books by the Editor

PAUL TRAVERS' ADVENTURES

ON SPECIAL ASSIGNMENT

GLIMPSES ACROSS THE SEA

By Samuel Travers Cover

The first tells how an ambitious youth made his way around the world in order better to prepare himself for newspaper work. The second shows how Paul succeeded as a reporter, and the big assignments he covered. He was the last white man to see Situng Bull, and the only reporter, from start to finish, in the last vigilance party this country is likely to see. Published by Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co. The third book is a collection of pen sketches, giving a whimsical point of view of generally unnoted data in the more pretentious books of travel. For sale by

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THE GRAPHIC pays more attention to Music and the Drama than any similar publication on the coast.



By Blanche Rogers Lott

An organist of prominence, Ferdinand Dunkley, gave a recital at Temple Auditorium last Sunday afternoon. The program was Bach's Fantasia and Fugue in G minor, Chanson d'Ete (Lemare), Caprice and Finale (Wolstenholme), Hollins' Intermezzo, the Largo from the "New World" Symphony (Dvorak), and Dubois' Toccata. Mr. Dunkley is an English-trained musician, having been a student in Trinity College, a pupil of Parry, Bridge, Martin, Gladstone and other famous men. He was organist and choirmaster of St. Jude's, London, and America in 1893. His most pretentious compositions are "The Wreck of the Hesperus," for solo, chorus and orchestra, an orchestral suite which took a prize in 1889, as well as many songs and piano pieces. The organ of the Auditorium is best adapted to concert numbers of a showy character, overtures and arrangements, but this program of Mr. Dunkley was enjoyed alike by musicians and the large audience of those not usually seen at musical affairs. It seems a pity that this organ should have been disseminated, for it is distracting to a serious listener to have the melody come from one direction and the accompaniment from an entirely different region. There was a splendid nobility in the rendition of the Bach fugue and fantasia, which was the most satisfying number of the program. These columns have contained suggestions for frequent organ recitals in Temple Auditorium at various times, and the value of such recitals was more forcibly brought to mind this specific afternoon when the big audience room was well filled to hear a program of fine music.

J. B. Poulin, the popular conductor of the Ellis and Woman's Lyric Club, as well as director of the music of the Temple Auditorium church, has gone to Quebec, his former home, for his vacation. He and Mrs. Poulin will also visit the Seattle exposition.

The German opera houses have promised not to produce "Parsifal" at the expiration of the copyright in 1914, although the work will be legally free then. No German manager, according to the agreement, will give the work so long as any member of the Wagner family is alive.

The wonderful American singer, Edith Walker, is to be the first singer of the title role in Eugen d'Albert's "Izelyl." The work is to be produced in Hamburg next October.

Notices in the foreign items of musical papers reports Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hosea and Mr. and Mrs. Franz Wilchek in Paris.

Mr. and Mrs. Thilo Becker are at the Grand Canyon for a two months' rest.

Len E. Behymer was given a dinner by Mme. Jomelli in New York. This splendid singer and fine woman, it is to be hoped, is on the list of attractions here for next year.

It is reported that M. Debussy was asked to explain why there were no duets in "Pelleas and Melisande," and that in reply he said: "When two persons talk at the same time they cannot hear one another. Besides, it is not polite, and the one who interrupts should stop. I have never written a duet and I never shall."

Charles Villiers Stanford, the English composer, has written a composition which he calls "Ode to Discord," performed recently in London by a chorus, soloists and orchestra (words by C. L. Graves). The composer design-

ates the work as a "chimerical combination in four bursts." The orchestra was increased by a hydrophone and huge bass drum. One paper reports that "much laughter was called forth from a large audience." Presumably, Richard Strauss was not among those present.

Fredrick Delius, an Englishman who is considered a Strauss follower, though he would doubtless resent it, has used portions of Nietzsche's "Also Spoke Zarathustra" in his new choral work, "A Mass of Life," which was recently presented for the first time in London.

The Sevcik Quartet, who assisted Mr. Byard at his third subscription concert, brought out a new quartet in E minor by a young American pianist and composer, John Powell, the performance of which was warmly appreciated.

A mathematician once computed, by dividing the number of notes sung by the sum paid, that in "Semiramide" Patti received 42% cents for each note; this was found to be just 7 1-10 cents a note more than Rossini was paid for writing the whole opera.

In connection with the recent discovery of the two violin concertos by Haydn, it is now made known that Carl Tomasini, the great-grandson of Prince Esterhazy's first violinist, Luigi Tomasini, for whom Haydn composed the concerto in C major in 1769, is a member of the Court Orchestra in Neu-Strelitz, says Musical America. Not only has he remained loyal to his musical ancestor's profession, but he possesses the identical violin on which the composition in question was first played for Haydn's princely patron, 140 years ago. It is peculiarly fitting that it should fall to his lot now to give the work its first public performance.

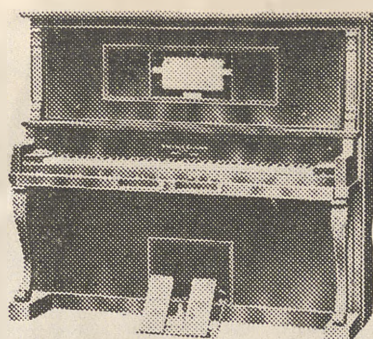
It may be that America will import her operas as well as her operatic stars from Europe. While opera companies in this country are coquetting with American works and pursuing a Fabian policy, Germany at least has had the courage of its conviction. It is definitely announced that the Berlin Royal Opera will next season produce Arthur Nevin's Indian opera "Poia." The Pittsburgh Sunday Post asserts that "this will be the first serious American opera produced in Berlin, and the first recognition of importance given by musical Europe to America." The work, which is based upon the legendary lore of the Blackfoot Indian tribe, represents the combined efforts of three young Americans. Mr. Nevin was shown the possibilities of an Indian opera by Mr. Walter McClintock, an enthusiastic ethnologist whose comprehensive history of folk-lore and legends of the Blackfoot tribe is about to be published. Together, they visited the reservations and absorbed firsthand the material needed for the operatic work. Many of the lyrics are ancient songs of the tribe. The libretto was put into literary form by Mr. Randolph Hartley. American composers hitherto have not been taken very seriously in Germany, observes a writer in the New York Times. Their productive genius has been considered to be limited to ragtime and marches. "Poia" promises to result in a revision of the Teuton critics' views.

Herr von Hulsen, the Kaiser's operatic impresario, has been looking into "Poia" for the last year, and finally convinced himself of its high artistic merit. He is particularly enthusiastic over the scenic possibilities of the Indian theme, and promises to give the opera a lavish stage dress. The news that "Poia" has been accepted for production at the Royal Opera is not yet public in Berlin. When it is there will undoubtedly be a fresh howl about the American invasion.

A cartoonist in Simplicissimus had a prophetic vision of "Poia" a few months ago, when, by way of poking fun at the growing number of Yankee singers on the German operatic stage, he produced a picture showing an orchestra, principals and chorus, garbed as Comanche Indians, while the conductor is beating time with a tomahawk.

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Art Notes of General Interest

The Artists' Aid Society of New York was organized early in 1890 by members of the old Artists' Mutual Aid Society. The new society, starting with nineteen members, now numbers more than seventy. There are no annual dues, but each member is assessed \$10 on the death of a member and a payment not to exceed \$600 is made at once to the deceased member's family. A free bed in the Presbyterian Hospital is controlled by the society and frequently has been used by artists and art students. If a member so requests, the society will, after his death, take charge of his studio effects, select such works as are suitable for public sale, and arrange for holding it. The roster of the society contains the names of most well-known artists about New York.

Frederick Bemm, official photographer of the Chicago Art Institute, has been experimenting with the Lumiere color-process with considerable success, says the Chicago Post. Mr. Bemm has a dozen or more plates of out-of-doors scenes in Rogers Park in which the colors of the landscape are as delicately reproduced as if painted in colors from nature. The interiors are equally good, the color schemes of oriental rugs on the floors and decorations of the rooms being faithfully repeated on the plate.

The charge of alienation cannot be made against Joseph Pennell, though he has long been abroad. Six new plates reproduced in the International Studio for July team with the whirl and rush of steel and iron mills at Pittsburg, oil works on Staten Island, "Palisades and Palaces, New York," and "New York Brooklyn Bridge." Hans W. Singer, writing notes about the plates, discovers that they display a remarkable power of coloration and have all the vigor of enthusiasm.

Today marks the beginning of the twenty-ninth national convention of the Photographers' Association of America, in Rochester, N. Y., lasting one week. While purely a professional organization, this body has shown "an unusually sympathetic and liberal spirit" by admitting amateurs to certain privileges of membership on payment of dues. The art display, according to the Photo-Era, will be of unusual extent.

The painting by George de Forest Brush, "A Family Group," lent by the Chicago Art Institute for the spring exhibition of the National Academy of Design, was awarded the Saltus medal of merit in that exhibition.

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By Ruth Burke

Mrs. George French Hamilton and Mrs. John Hastings Howard, the attractive daughters of Lieutenant General and Mrs. Adna R. Chaffee, who are visiting their parents here, are being delightfully feted by their many friends. Mrs. Chaffee also has entertained for her daughters, and Monday was hostess at a prettily appointed luncheon given in their honor at the Los Angeles Country Club. Guests were Meses. Charles Modini-Wood, Jefferson Paul Chandler, Welsh, F. Irwin Herron, J. T. Griffith, Will L. Graves Jr., Hugh Stewart, Thomas Lee, Walter Clark, Carroll Allen, Bert Harmon Merchant, Misses Annis Van Nuys, Mary Lindley, Lucy Clark, Mollie Adelia Brown, Edith Herron, Lucille Clark, Florence Silent, Inez Clark, Rose Dickinson, Anita Patton, Mary Clark, Beatrice Wigmore and Bess Millar. Wednesday afternoon Mrs. Chaffee entertained for her daughters with a small tea at her home, 987 Magnolia avenue. About seventy-five matrons and maids were invited for the afternoon. The decorations were particularly attractive. Quantities of American Beauty roses were used in the drawing room, with an intermingling of Shasta daisies and asparagus plumosus ferns. In the dining room the table centerpiece was a basket of pale pink sweet peas, the handle of the basket being ornamented with a large fluffy bow of pink tulle. The table was canopied with pink tulle and ferns. Clusters of pink gladioli were arranged on the buffet. In the garden an arbor of American flags was formed, and punch was served beneath a canopy of silk Japanese lanterns and greenery. Indian blankets and chairs were scattered about the lawn, where tea was served.

Principal among the week-end entertainments is the house party which Mrs. Hugh L. Macneil is giving at her ranch home, Las Cacomites, Azusa. This afternoon a buffet luncheon is given and this evening at dinner covers will be laid for twenty-two. Later, the guests will enjoy a motor party. Tennis, croquet and other pleasure diversions will be indulged in and those who are invited to partake of Mrs. Macneil's hospitality will enjoy the outing with more than usual zest. Monday, Miss Macneil and Mr. Sayre Macneil will go to the summer home of Mr. and Mrs. Henry W. O'Melveny, in San Gabriel canyon, where they will be guests for a week.

Among the delightful affairs given this week for the younger set was the luncheon which Miss Anita Patton of San Gabriel gave Tuesday in compliment to Miss Edith Herron, daughter of Col. and Mrs. Rufus H. Herron of Severance street, whose marriage to Lieutenant William Hamilton Toaz will take place Wednesday, July 21. Cecil Bruner roses and forget-me-nots were used in the decorations, and besides the guest of honor and hostess, places were set for Mrs. W. L. Graves Jr., Mrs. John Hastings Howard, Misses Carmelita Rosecrans, Katherine Clark, Margaretta Park, Lois Chamberlain, Marjorie Severance, Lucy Clark, Mary Clark, Alice Elliott, Jeannette Garner, Annis Van Nuys, Lucille Clark, Katherine Banning, Patty Phillips, Katherine Bashford, Lois Allen, Katherine Melius and Carolyn Trask.

Thursday, Miss Lois Chamberlain of 401 North Vermont avenue entertained for Miss Edith Herron with a matinee party at the Belasco Theater. Following the performance tea was enjoyed at one of the sweet shops. Guests besides Miss Herron included the young women who, with the hostess, have been chosen as attendants at the wedding of Miss Herron and Lieutenant Toaz, next week. These are Misses Carmelita Rosecrans, Katherine Clark, Anita Patton, Margaretta Park and Mrs. W. L. Graves Jr. That same evening Miss Herron was the guest of honor at a box party given at the Orpheum by Mrs. W. L. Graves Jr., and followed by a supper. Guests included Misses Carmelita Rosecrans, Katherine

Bashford, Lois Chamberlain, Margaretta Park, Katherine Clark, Messrs. James Page, Kendrick Chamberlain, T. Fenton Knight, E. W. Currier, Paul Herron, W. L. Graves Jr., and Cloyd Lott.

One of the most attractively appointed of this week's society events was the tea given Monday by Mrs. Frank E. Walsh and her charming young daughter, Miss Virginia Walsh, at their home, 403 South Alvarado street. The decorations were particularly artistic. In the drawing room pink hydrangeas with a pretty arrangement of greenery were used. The other rooms were in Shasta daisies and pink sweet peas, combined with foliage and jardinières of huckleberry sprays. About sixty guests were present, mainly including members of the younger exclusive set. Assisting were Misses Lillian Van Dyke, Sarah Clark, Leicester Sehon of San Diego, Hildgarde Payne, Marybelle Peyton, Marjorie Utley, Rebecca McMillan, Frances Richards, Alice Cline and Katherine Stearns.

Local society and club circles are interested in the announcement made by Mrs. Enoch Pepper of South Flower street, of the betrothal of her daughter, Miss Sarah Tebbs Pepper, to Mr. Leon H. Hurtt, formerly of New York. The wedding will take place Wednesday evening, July 28, at the bride's home, and, owing to a recent bereavement in the bride's family, the ceremony will be witnessed only by the immediate relatives. Miss Pepper is well known in social and club circles of this city, and the groom-elect, who was for a number of years president of a wholesale business in New York, has traveled extensively. The beautiful home which he and his bride will occupy will be ornamented with rare paintings and art treasures which Mr. Hurtt has collected abroad.

Mr. and Mrs. M. H. Newmark of Beacon street formally announce the engagement of their daughter, Miss Florence Newmark, to Mr. Sylvan Kauffman, a young business man of San Francisco. No date has been set for the wedding. Miss Newmark is one of the charming young society girls of Los Angeles, and her debut, recently made, was an event of much social interest.

Announcement is made of the engagement of Miss Ethel Leavelle and Mr. Charles O. Buller, the wedding to take place early this fall. The bride-elect, since the death of her parents several years ago, has made her home in Los Angeles with her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. John Harlan of Wilton Place. Mr. Buller is a well-known orange grower of Covina, and is the only son of Senator R. F. Buller of Haley, Idaho.

Mr. and Mrs. M. E. Johnson of North Griffin avenue were host and hostess Monday evening at a box party at the Mason, in compliment to Mr. and Mrs. Robert C. McCormick, who have sold their house on South Figueroa street and will in future make Seattle their home. Following the play, a supper was served at the Alexandria. Mr. and Mrs. McCormick left Friday for the north.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Clifford Lott of 912 West Twentieth street are entertaining, as their house guest, Mrs. Mrs. Howard Hapgood Kipp, wife of Lieutenant Kipp of the United States marine corps. Mrs. Kipp is en route to join her husband in the Philippines, and will visit here until about the middle of August.

Mr. and Mrs. George J. Birkel of 1138 West Twenty-first street entertained, informally, Friday evening, with a musical in compliment to Mr. W. L. Hubbard, musical critic of the Chicago Tribune, who is visiting here and is a house guest of Mr. Norman Gale of Western avenue.

Miss Cynthia Fay, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Fay of 1298 Orange street, has chosen the first week in September for her marriage to Mr. Lucian J. Clarke. The wedding will be one of the socially important of the fall.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Avery McCarthy of 1000 South Alvarado street have opened their Redondo Beach home for the summer, and their beautiful home on the Esplanade will be the center of society activity throughout the season, as both Mr. and Mrs. McCarthy are delightful and constant entertainers.

Among the first of their affairs was the week-end party given over last Sunday. About a dozen Los Angeles society folk were present and the special guests were Mrs. McCarthy's brother, Mr. Norwood Howard and his friend, Mr. Alexander Fields, both of San Francisco.

Next week's most important social event will be the wedding of Miss Edith Herron, daughter of Colonel and Mrs. Rufus H. Herron of 2700 Severance street, to Lieutenant William Hamilton Toaz, U. S. N. The ceremony will be celebrated Wednesday evening, July 21, at Christ Episcopal church, and will be of military appointments. Mrs. William L. Graves Jr., daughter of Judge and Mrs. Stephen C. Hubbel, who is visiting here with her parents for the summer, will be Miss Herron's matron of honor. Miss Margaretta Park of Montecito, a cousin of the bride-elect, will be maid of honor, and the bridesmaids will be Misses Katherine Clark, Anita Patton, Lois Chamberlain and Carmelita Rosecrans. Miss Herron's little niece, Miss Gertrude Herron, will be the flower girl.

Announcement is made of the engagement and approaching marriage of Miss Henrietta Walker, daughter of Mrs. Etta B. Walker of Harvard boulevard, to Lieutenant John S. Williams of the coast artillery. The wedding will take place August 4, and will be celebrated at the Presidio post chapel with military appointments. Later, the young couple will go to Honolulu, where Lieutenant Williams is stationed. The wedding of Miss Walker and Lieutenant Williams will closely follow that of Miss Walker's brother, Lieutenant Walker, to the groom-elect's sister, Miss Willis Williams.

Many Los Angeles people will be interested in the announcement made of the engagement of Miss Inez Hollett, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. P. Hollett of Evanston, Ill., to Mr. Gilbert John Symington of this city. The bride-elect also is well known here, where she has visited a number of times. The ceremony will be solemnized in the bride's city in September.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard E. Huntington of Oak Knoll have been visiting in Berkeley with Mr. and Mrs. Adam Green, the parents of Mrs. Huntington. They plan a motor trip to Del Monte, where they will remain for several weeks, after which they will return to Berkeley to finish their visit.

In compliment to her niece, Miss Elizabeth Helm, Mrs. A. G. Wells of 2637 Ellendale place entertained Wednesday afternoon with an informal puzzle party. Ten young women of the younger society set were present as guests.

Announcement is made of the marriage of Miss Zora K. Weaver of this city to Mr. Harry Vanking of New York, the ceremony having taken place at the home of the bride's uncle in the eastern city. After a two months' wedding trip in Europe, Mr. and Mrs. Vanking will make their home in Los Angeles.

Mrs. Eugenia A. Norton and her daughter, Miss Anna Norton, plan to sail in August for England, where they will visit for six months or a year. In their absence they will occupy Mrs. Norton's old home. Mrs. Norton and her daughter at present are occupying their summer home at Venice.

Owing to the fact that Miss May Sutton could not attend the Santa Barbara tennis tournament, the event was postponed. Miss Sutton is busily engaged in preparing for her eastern trip, when she will play in championship games in Boston, Newport and other Atlantic coast tournaments. It is probable that she will not return to the Pacific coast again until next year, her marriage to Mr. Harry B. will take place.

Mrs. Marion Welch of Garland avenue announces the engagement of her son, Mr. Edgar Washburn Beeson, and Miss Olive Caskey of Buffalo, N. Y. The wedding will take place early in the autumn.

Dr. Wherry E. Neel and Dr. Ray Robinson will leave Los Angeles, August 2, for New York, whence they will sail on the Kronprinzess Cecilie for Berlin, to represent the Southern California Dental Association at the International Dental Convention, which

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opens in Berlin, August 23. Later, Dr. Neel and Dr. Robinson will make a tour of Europe, planning to be absent about four months.

Messrs. Allan Hancock and Hancock Banning returned home the first of the week from a fortnight's stay at Bartlett Springs.

Miss Mary A. Thomas of Niles, Ohio, who was maid of honor in the early part of June at the wedding of Miss Winifred Llewellyn and Mr. John Miller, has left for her eastern home.

Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Hemenway plan to leave early in August for a two weeks' trip into the mountains in their touring car.

Mrs. Andrew Brown and Mrs. T. F. Brown of New Hampshire street entertained Wednesday with an informal luncheon at Long Beach. The affair was delightfully appointed and was given in honor of Mrs. John Burke of Pittsburg, who is a guest of her sister, Mrs. Wilbur Myers of Burlington avenue and Seventh street. Covers at the table were laid for ten guests.

Mrs. James Emerson Gee of the Warman apartments is entertaining, as her guest, Mrs. Lily Gill Pulsifer of Denver, Colo., who will visit in Los Angeles for several months.

Mr. and Mrs. John W. Mitchell and Mr. and Mrs. M. P. Snyder have been occupying a cottage at Santa Monica for a few days.

Younger members of the Phi Delta Chi sorority of Marlborough School this week have been enjoying a merry house party at Alamitos Bay. This evening a dinner and later a dancing party will be given. Last week the older girls of the sorority gave a house party at this same beach.

Mr. and Mrs. George W. Jordan and their young son, Master Wayne Jordan, of 3012 Vermont avenue, are enjoying a trip to Del Monte and the Yosemite.

Mrs. Margaret Brophy of San Francisco is a guest for the summer at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Charles Wesley Hibbard of 1228 Orange street.

Miss Editha Wilde has returned from Wellesley and will pass her vacation here with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. Wilde and her sisters, Mrs. William Mead, Mrs. Harry L. Holland and Mrs. Perry.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert E. Page and their daughters, Misses Lula and Elizabeth, who have been visiting in the east for several months, are now occupying their summer home, "The Cedars," in Kentucky. Later, they will visit in Nashville, Kansas City, Denver and San Francisco before returning to their home here.

Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Welch and children of Omaha, Neb., are guests at the home of Mrs. Welch's parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Kelly of 1400 West Third street.

Mrs. W. R. Ireland and her daughters, Miss Edith and Miss Florence Ireland, of Virgil street, are enjoying a motor trip through the north and a visit to the Yosemite with friends.

Mrs. Frank Thornburg of Pittsburg, Pa., is the guest of Mrs. S. J. Thornburg of Beacon street.

Gen. and Mrs. Robert J. Wankowski of Ellendale place are entertaining, for the summer months, their niece, Miss Elizabeth Perkins, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. K. Perkins of Salt Lake City.

Mrs. M. A. Mordaunt of 1810 Roosevelt avenue was hostess, Saturday, at a matinee party at the Orpheum, followed by a tea at the Alexandria. Special guests were Misses Maude Adams, Clara Parmelee, Charlotte Cox, Leta Crane, Laura Merriman and Rose Carnes.

Los Angeles arrivals at Hotel del Coronado for the week ending July 11 were: Mrs. H. M. Tanner, Miss Chittenden, Miss Corbin, Mr. and Mrs. John Bradbury and son, Mr. William W. Lee, Mr. H. Burkhardt, Mr. B. A. Gilmore, Dr. W. W. Schiffman, Miss L. Sykes, Miss Eulalie Schiffman, Mr. A. Y. Fritch, Mr. Douglas L. Edmunds, Mrs. Rose B. Clemens, nurse and child, Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Borton, Mr. Trabue Von Culin, Trabue Von Culin Jr., Mr. Frank James and family, Mary C. Freitag, Emma Freitag, Sarah B. Hill, Fay C. Daniel, Mr. and Mrs. J. M.

Larson, Mr. R. G. Whitlock, Mr. D. P. Hatch, Miss Louise Lacey, Mr. J. L. Hancock, Mr. S. R. Earnest, Mr. and Mrs. E. Wade, Mr. and Mrs. Frank B. Cook, Miss Miriam Cook, Mr. R. C. Gillis, Mr. C. L. Bundy. From Hollywood, Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Herrington registered, and the Pasadena guests included Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Fitzgerald, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Raymond, Master Arthur E. Raymond, Miss Mildred Raymond and maid, Mrs. J. M. Scholes and son, Miss Helen G. Sickles, Miss Alice Earley and Miss Helen Fitzgerald.

Mrs. Godfrey and daughter, Miss Myrtle Godfrey of Ocean Park, accompanied by a second daughter, Mrs. Addison Day of West Adams street, who have been visiting in Salt Lake City, Yosemite and Portland since May, have left for a two weeks' trip to Alaska and plan to return to their homes early in August.

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Clark Carlisle are domiciled at their summer home, "Lewslaure," at Terminal, where they will pass the summer. Their house guests over Sunday were Dr. and Mrs. E. G. Howard and daughter, Miss Katherine Howard.

Miss Martha Louise Field of San Jose is the house guest of Mrs. C. O. Hawley of 823 South Union avenue, and will be the recipient of several affairs while a visitor here.

Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Ball of 975 Manhattan place have taken a cottage at Newport Beach for the summer.

Miss Maude Elizabeth Richards of Western avenue has as her house guest, Miss Frances Phillips of Salt Lake City, who will visit here several weeks. Several informal affairs are planned in honor of Miss Phillips.

Mrs. O. P. Clark and Mrs. R. W. Kinney entertained yesterday with a bridge luncheon at the home of the latter on Western avenue, their guests being members of a card club to which they belong.

Mrs. E. W. Sargent and her daughters, Misses Ethelyn and Gladys Sargent, of St. Paul avenue, have returned from a motor trip to Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Pomeroy and Mr. Charles M. Stimson, prominent Los Angelans who have been touring the world, have sailed from Southampton, and, after crossing the continent and visiting at the Seattle exposition, plan to return to their homes here by August 1.

Miss Gertrude Workman and her brother, Mr. Thomas Workman, entertained several friends at a week-end party at their summer home in Santa Monica.

Mr. and Mrs. Carl McStay were host and hostess recently at a dinner given at Hotel Pleasanton in compliment to Captain Chapalier. Other guests were General and Mrs. Robert Wankowski and Mr. Seth Hart.

Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Sherer of New Hampshire street are enjoying a pleasure outing in their touring car in the northern part of the state.

Mr. and Mrs. Matthew W. Everhardy of Alvarado Terrace have been entertaining for a few days Mr. and Mrs. George Weniger of Vallejo.

Mr. and Mrs. George H. Graves, who for several months have been occupying their ranch home at La Crescenta, are in Los Angeles for a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Braun and little daughters, Miss Lulu and Miss Elizabeth Braun, who have been in the east since March, are visiting now at their former home in Kentucky.

Mr. and Mrs. Stanley M. Knight of 1037 Elden avenue will leave the latter part of July for San Francisco and the north for a month or six weeks.

Mr. W. S. Derby and family at this city are at Bay City for the summer, having recently purchased the Ed Benchley cottage at that season resort.

Mrs. W. E. Dunn and Mrs. Frank Griffith of this city left Wednesday for a short outing at Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. Edwin S. Rowley of Menlo avenue have taken a cottage at Ocean Park for the season.

Misses Grace and Hope Best of Beacon street left this week for Toronto,



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Canada, where they will visit with friends. In their absence they also will visit at Atlantic City, with their brother, Mr. Jack Best, a student at Cornell University.

Mrs. Charles Perry and children have returned to their home here after a visit at Bay City with Mrs. Perry's brother, Mr. Sam Tustin.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward L. Doheny and the latter's brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. J. Crampton Anderson, are among the Los Angeles folk who are domiciled at Ocean Park in a cottage at Sunset avenue and Ocean Front for two months.

Mr. and Mrs. Anson Pitcher of 459 Grand View street left recently for an extended visit in eastern and southern states.

Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Wells and daughters of this city are guests at Hotel Metropole, Catalina Island, for the summer season.

Mr. and Mrs. Edwin H. Groenendyke of Pasadena have taken rooms at Hotel Metropole, Catalina Island, for the summer.

Mrs. Flora Goodall Bland and daughters of Pasadena are at Hotel Metropole, Catalina, for a two months' sojourn.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Metcalf and family and Mrs. James A. White and daughter, Mrs. Park Upton, are occupying the Metcalf home at Bay City.

Dr. and Mrs. Rea Smith have been passing a week in Santa Barbara. Mrs. Smith, who was Miss Georgia Knight, has been renewing her acquaintance with golf at the Potter Country Club.

Mr. and Mrs. Epes Randolph of Tucson, Ariz., visited Santa Barbara this week in their private car.

Mr. and Mrs. Adolf Fleishman, who have been touring Europe for several months, plan to sail for America the latter part of this month, and will return to their home in this city early in August.

Judge and Mrs. Charles Monroe of 729 West Twenty-eighth street plan to sail for France early in August, and will pass two months in visiting the old chateaux and castles of that country.

Mrs. W. S. Bartlett, accompanied by her daughter, Miss Mathilde Bartlett, and her son, Gordon Bartlett, will leave the first week in August for a two months' visit in the east. In addition to a stay with relatives in Virginia, they will see the Yukon exposition at Seattle.

Of interest to many friends was the marriage, Thursday, of Miss Sadie McBride, daughter of Mrs. Susan McBride of West Thirty-fifth street, to Mr. Malin Massey. The ceremony was marked by extreme simplicity and was attended only by relatives and a few intimate friends.

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"Polly of the Circus" is much more than a comedy drama. It is a sweet, wholesome little sermon and a pretty love story, with a wonderfully appealing tug at the heart's strings that Margaret Mayo has written and which Frederick Thompson is presenting at the Mason this week. Polly is a bareback rider, as were her mother and grandmother before her. She is an orphan, but the boss canvasman and the old clown love her as a daughter, and guard her as jealously as ever a child of luxury was cared for. She is injured while performing in the ring and is carried into the adjacent parsonage, where a stalwart young bachelor minister and his old colored housekeeper help to restore her to strength. Of course, the inevitable happens. But the New England folk, led by the deacons of the church, regard the circus girl as little better than a witch, who is obsessing their pastor, and after a lapse of nearly a year Polly's eyes are opened to the situation in a cruel way by a stern deacon. Either she or the minister must leave, and she elects to go back to the old life, the opportune return of the circus to the village making this possible. But she finds she cannot enter into it as she formerly did, and the minister's heart hungers for her in a way that will not be denied. Braving the opposition of his congregation, he declares his love and carries Polly off. The final curtain falls on a picture of the disappearing circus paraphernalia winding its way through the hills, with Polly quoting Ruth, of Biblical history, to her lover: "Whither thou goest, I will go; and whither thou lodgest, I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God, my God."

It is a most convincing little Polly that Ida St. Leon presents. She is a real circus girl, as her balancing act for the children and her bareback ride in spangled dress on the galloping ring horse, in the third act, clearly demonstrate. But she is more than a circus rider; Miss St. Leon has a keen sense of dramatic values and a most delightful appreciation of the demands of the character which she so adequately interprets. The Rev. John Douglass is not the only man in the Mason Opera House that succumbs to her unspoiled, lovable ways. Not since Babbie bewitched the Little Minister of Barrie's conception has there been so pretty a story of similar import unfolded and developed. Earl Ryder, as the bachelor minister, is as manly and gentle and true-hearted as Polly deserves for a lover. His christianity is so human and broad that the reading of the story of Ruth and Naomi to the temporarily crippled girl seems a perfectly natural sequence; the actor is so cleverly blended in the minister that the opening of the Bible in no sense jars upon the sensibilities.

Nor is the supporting company without its merits. John Findlay, as the old clown, Uncle Toby, deserves high praise for his excellent portraiture; Mart E. Heisey is a typical ringmaster and proprietor of a small show, and Charles Lamb, as "Big Jim," the boss canvasman, gives a faithful portrayal. Kate Jepson's "Mandy Jones," the colored housekeeper, is a clever piece of work; in fact, the entire cast is in excellent hands. The bit of real circus life introduced could hardly be improved upon. "Polly of the Circus" is, in short, one of the most enjoyable and satisfactory plays seen in Los Angeles in many months.

S. T. C.

"Lottery of Love" at the Burbank

In "The Lottery of Love," an eccentric three-act comedy, members of the Burbank Theater are restored to their rightful element this week, and present in entertaining manner the sprightly farce which revolves about Adolphus Doubledot (William Desmond) and his matrimonial adventures. Twice does the redoubtable Adolphus marry. The first time he acquires a wife, a mother-in-law and trouble. Upon his second venture he

gets a wife and a father-in-law. His trouble follows when his father-in-law marries his (Adolphus') former wife, who thus becomes his mother-in-law. From this series of marital complications Mr. Desmond manages to extricate himself, but it takes three acts to unravel the seemingly hopeless tangle, and, meantime, the audience is afforded more than sufficient excuse for wholesome laughter. Mr. Desmond gives good account of himself, as usual. John Burton, as Benjamin Buttercorn, the father-in-law, and H. S. Duffield, as Captain Sam Merrimac, Doubledot's uncle, vie for honors in the cast. Both are well cast and each does capital work. Harry Mestayer, as Tom Dangerous, also gives a satisfactory portrayal, especially in the last act. In the women's roles, Blanche Hall, Lovell Alice Taylor and Louise Royce are well placed. Miss Hall is captivating in the part of Joe, the second, and so far as the story goes, the last wife of Doubledot. Miss Taylor, whose short excursions into the matrimonial state are engineered by her "mamma," appears to especial advantage in the role of the subjective daughter. Miss Royce, the strong-willed Mrs. Zenobia Sherramy, frisks through the sailor's hornpipe with a zest which wins deserved applause.

Musical Comedy at the Grand

At the Grand Opera House, the Princess Theater Company is repeating its excellent performance of the rather mediocre vehicle, "The Umpire." By reciting an Elk verse, apropos of the occasion, and by the interpolation of a number of local hits, Fred Mace manages to instill more ginger into the last act than was apparent last week. Mace gets all of the fun out of the comedy that nature permits, but his is a hard task at best. James Stevens still runs away with the singing honors in his rendition of "The Sun that Shines on Dixie Land." Zoe Barnett, who portrays the American girl in delightful fashion, closes her contract with the company Saturday night, expecting to go to New York.

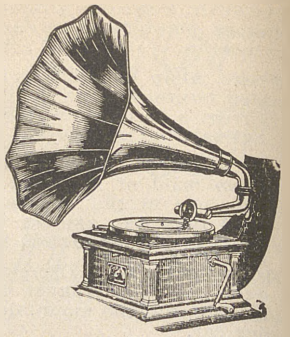
Twinkling Toes at the Orpheum

Should Terpsichore venture into the confines of the Orpheum this week she would do well to fasten her laurel wreath securely about her ears, or she might lose it. Three of the new acts comprise dancing turns, and a number of the old ones call for a graceful twinkling of toes. A wee, pocket edition of a girl, who calls herself Adelaide, does a toe dance that is infinitely more graceful than those of widely heralded artists who have been seen at this theater. Adelaide also sings, but this may be forgiven her, in view of the tripping steps of herself and her four chorus girls. Warren, Lyon & Meyers have a musical sketch with which Louise Meyers runs away in the most demurely delicious way imaginable. Mildred Warren and Bert Lyon both do excellent work, entirely above the ordinary standard, but the pretty Louise, without any voice at all, sings herself into her listeners' hearts and does a dance as light and graceful as a butterfly's. Elizabeth Murray is always worth listening to, as the rousing welcome invariably accorded her will bear witness. Her voice is suitable to her line of songs—her Irish accent is inimitable, and her negro character songs excel any of the efforts of her colleagues. Even the Sisters Gasch find it necessary to interpolate a sample of Terpsichore's art into their acrobatic turn, their dancing, however, being put entirely in the background by their skillful gymnastic feats. Holdovers are Cheridah Simpson, "A Spotless Reputation," Novelty Dancing Four and "A Night at the Circus."

Offerings Next Week

"The Servant in the House," presented by Henry Miller's Associate Players, begins a week's engagement at the Mason Opera House next Monday night, with a matinee Saturday. Charles Rann Kennedy's famous play is well known to Los Angeles theatergoers, having been presented here just eleven months ago, immediately after a long run at the Savoy Theater in New York. "The Servant in the House" was sent direct to the coast from New York, without a break in the journey from coast to coast. San Francisco and Los Angeles saw it before any other city in America with the exception of New York. This is the farewell appearance in California of Henry Miller's Associate Players in this drama, as after a

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tour of the east and south, the company will play the large cities of New Zealand and Australia. Charles Dalton and Ben Field, two of the original company who were not seen here last year, are now included in the cast.

George Ade's deservedly successful comedy drama, "The College Widow," will be played next week by the Belasco company. It is not unfamiliar to local playgoers, but its many quaint characters and the stirring incidents of American college life, including the big football game, make it a great favorite. The part of Flora Wiggins, whose mother runs a boarding house for students, will be played by Beatrice Noyes, who has already proved her ability to portray this character adequately. Charles Murray will be seen as Bub Hicks, and the Hon. Elam Hicks will be played by James K. Applebee. The part of Billy Bolton, the half back, will be entrusted to Richard Bennett, who may be expected to give a capital portrayal of the young football hero. Helen Holmes, who will fill the position of leading woman in Miss Reed's absence, will essay Jane Witherspoon, the college widow. Charles Giblyn will be seen as Stub Talmadge. Following "The College Widow," the Belasco company will give the first performance in the west of Edgar Selwyn's play, "Pierre of the Plains," in which Richard Bennett will have the role of Pierre.

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ing the usual Wednesday and Saturday matinees, the Morosco Musical Comedy Company, which already has attained wide favor, will offer "A Runaway Girl" as its second bill at the Majestic Theater. The comedy is of English origin, ran 600 nights in London, 300 nights in New York at Daly's Theater, and has not been seen in Los Angeles for several years, so that it will almost have the charm of novelty. The cast is a long one and will enlist the services of the entire company, together with a big chorus of pretty girls. Agnes Caine-Brown will play the name part, Harry Girard will be the man with whom she falls in love, Henry Stockbridge will have the comedy role of Flipper, Marie Nelson will play the lady's maid, and the other members of the company have good assignments. The scenes are laid in Corsica and in Venice, and attractive scenery and costuming are promised.

"The Hypocrites," Henry Arthur Jones' powerful four-act play, in which he aims his shaft at the so-called "good woman," whose bitter-

and won. There are two scenes, the first in the paddock, the second on the course itself. This race is said to arouse a wild enthusiasm, being compared in mechanical effect to the great chariot scene in "Ben Hur." There are three more new acts, among them James Thornton, who has written many popular songs, including the ever famous "My Sweetheart's the Man in the Moon." Mr. Thornton has a budget of new songs and a fund of witty stories. The Camille Trio are European grotesque acrobats, formerly known as the Fortune Brothers, when they were circus clowns. Gladys Clark and Harry Bergman present "The Chauffeur and the Maid," a singing and dancing act which calls for many costume changes. The holdovers include Adelaide and her chorus girls, with Johnny Hughes added, Elizabeth Murray, Warren, Lyon & Meyers, and the Gasch Sisters, with new motion pictures.

It is safe to predict that the S. R. O. sign will be much in evidence at the Mason Opera House the week of July

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WEEK OF JULY 19--WITH SATURDAY MATINEE ONLY
Return Engagement of Henry Miller's Associate Players in

THE SERVANT IN THE HOUSE

By Charles Rann Kennedy
Prices 50c to \$1.50. Week July 26—Henry W. Savage's "The Merry Widow"

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Matinee
Today

"Adelaide,"
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CHARLES DALTON, IN "THE SERVANT IN THE HOUSE," AT MASON

ness and hardness toward erring humanity becomes palliation and forgiveness when the offense strikes into her own home, will be revived at the Burbank the week beginning with the Sunday matinee, July 18. The drama was first seen in Los Angeles in May last year, when Edythe Chapman Neill played the role of Mrs. Wilmore. Lillian Burkhardt has been engaged for this part, and Bertram Grassby of the Shubert forces will play a special engagement in the character of Mr. Wilmore. Neither Miss Burkhardt nor Mr. Grassby is a permanent addition to the company. In the current revival of the play, William Desmond, Blanche Hall, Harry Mestayer, John W. Burton and H. S. Duffield again will be seen in the roles they assumed a little more than a year ago.

After presenting a baseball skit and a circus, it seems eminently proper that the Orpheum should offer a depiction of a horse race. Beginning Monday matinee, July 19, the headliner of the bill will be a tabloid drama of the track, "The Futurity Winner," by Edmund Day, in which a real race is run

26, when the far-famed and melodious "Merry Widow" will be presented for the first time in this city. All of the features which made the opera so immensely popular in New York have been retained, and a production above the usual standard is promised.

Asides

Vernon and San Francisco started on a seven-game series Tuesday afternoon, the first being played at Vernon before the largest week day crowd of the season. Brackenridge did the twirling for the Hoganites, and he led his team to a 4 to 3 victory, allowing the Seals only six hits. Wednesday's game was played at Chutes Park, several hundred visiting Elks enjoying the exhibit from the grandstand. This game was a baffest, both teams securing eleven hits. The Mohlerites came out of the melee two runs to the good, winning by a score of 6 to 4. The Los Angeles and Oakland teams played their first game at Oakland, while the Wednesday contest took place in San Francisco. The Angels seem to have a hoodoo hovering over them, as they lost both games by the score of 3 to 1.



Business on both the Los Angeles stock and the Los Angeles-Nevada mining and stock exchanges has suffered from holiday dullness, and the latter part of the week both exchanges closed their doors until next Monday morning. On the Los Angeles stock exchange this week Columbia Oil has manifested a marked activity, due in part to a rumor that a big increase in output has been made and that a dividend soon is to be declared. Associated Oil and the Telephone stocks have about held their own, but trading has been exceedingly light. Union Oil dropped off two points since Saturday last. There has been, however, considerable activity in bonds, with trading on the outside. First National Bank stock gained ten points in the earlier part of the week.

On the Los Angeles-Nevada mining and stock exchange an improvement was shown in practically all the Nevada mining stocks, with Daisy and Combination Fraction leading in active interest; an advance of several points is noted. Goldfield Consolidated held at former prices, but was not traded in to any extent.

Oil stocks and bonds were quoted at about former prices, but were inactive. Money is easy and at a moderate rate of interest.

Banks and Banking

Since the amendment of the national banking act in March, 1900, which allowed for the organization of banks with a minimum paid-up capital of \$25,000 instead of \$50,000, California has increased her national bank capital more largely than any other state in the Union, with the exception of New York, Pennsylvania, Texas and Illinois. In the record of principal increases, Pennsylvania comes first with 420 banks and a capital of \$28,487,000; Texas second with 412 banks and a capital of \$19,916,000; New York third with 165 banks and capital of \$17,867,500; Illinois fourth with 233 banks and a capital of \$15,963,500; California fifth with 131 new national banks and an increased capital of \$15,217,800. Ohio, Missouri, Oklahoma, Minnesota, Indiana, Iowa, Kentucky and Georgia follow in the order named in increase of capital and the other thirty-three states range from \$245,000 for Delaware to \$4,830,000 for Michigan. Seventy of California's 131 new national banks are of the larger class, with a paid-up capital of \$50,000.

Keen sorrow was occasioned among local bankers, as well as among the Long Beach bankers and business men, by the death the first of the week of Arthur R. Collins, vice-president of the First National Bank of Long Beach, an office to which he succeeded Charles G. Green, two or three months ago. Mr. Collins was well known and popular with a host of friends, and his death, coming after only a brief illness, was a shock to all. Mr. Collins was assistant cashier of the First National Bank of Long Beach under the Heartwell regime, and when the bank was reorganized two years ago, he was elected cashier, from which office he was recently advanced to that of vice-president.

Stock and Bond Briefs

Plans are drawing to a close for the merging of the Los Angeles-Nevada Mining and Stock Exchange into the Los Angeles Stock Exchange. This movement will mean the enlarging and strengthening of the last named and parent exchange, and by the concentration of energies will do much to promulgate and stimulate business in the local market. Messrs. F. Irwin Herron, T. G. Gordon and J. C. Thompson, prominent members of the Los Angeles-Nevada exchange, form a committee on consolidation and hope to wind up the affairs of that exchange within a day or two, so that the old association may be dissolved and the consolidation with the Los Angeles exchange effected. In clearing the younger organization from its debts and obligations it is necessary that a release be obtained of the lease of its quarters

in the H. W. Hellman building, which runs until December, 1910. It is believed that when all business affairs of the Los Angeles-Nevada exchange are settled, each of the sixty members will net \$250 as a relinquishment of his membership. Seats on the Los Angeles exchange are offered at \$1,500, and the governing board of the older exchange has voted to amend the by-laws, allowing for a membership of seventy-five, instead of fifty as provided heretofore. As the Los Angeles stock exchange now has a membership of about forty-five, this will permit the election of twenty-five or possibly thirty members of the Los Angeles-Nevada exchange to the older association. The governing board of the latter exchange will make the selection of the members for admittance. Because of a protest on the planned merger by a few members of the Los Angeles stock exchange, the board of governors of that organization has called a mass meeting to be held July 22, when the question will be fully discussed, and it is more than probable that favorable action in the matter will be taken.

Advices from the New York stock exchange report little prospect of any decided movement in either direction in the near future. Practically all of the houses express satisfaction over the sales of Frisco bonds in Paris, the ease of money accompanying the July 1 interest and dividend disbursement, the government crop report, the statistics of the Copper Producers Association, the rapid progress made on the tariff bill and the improvement in general business. But since the stock market was very little affected by all these favorable developments, and since there is no indication of marked activity on the part of important interests, the majority of brokers told their customers not to expect large profits immediately on purchases. On the other hand, advice to sell stocks was rare, since there seem to be few vulnerable spots and few thinly margined accounts in the offices, and since stocks for the most part seem strongly and complacently held by men who are carrying them in the banks without the slightest discomfort or uneasiness. Those brokers who advised immediate purchases did so on the ground that carrying charges are very light, and in expectation of a wide swinging bull market late in the summer. Such an expectation seems universal in the banks as well as among brokers. If it be granted, one house remarked, that a strong market will follow the adjournment of congress and later crop information the time to take on stocks is before the movement is under way rather than after it has carried stocks upward. Just now there seems to be no bear party and the bulls are without leadership.

It is probable that depositors in the defunct Consolidated Bank soon will be given a twenty per cent dividend. The total amount to be disbursed will be less than \$10,000, and this will be distributed among a thousand depositors. Owing to the practically worthless character of the bank's assets, this, in all probability, will be the only dividend declared.

Bids for the sale of \$85,000 worth of Pomona city school bonds and for \$65,000 worth of Pomona city high school bonds were opened this week and the first bonds were awarded to the State Board of Examiners at a premium of \$5,250, while the latter bonds went to E. H. Rollins & Co., at a premium of \$3,705.

Santa Barbara's city council will receive bids up to July 22 for the purchase of municipal improvement bonds in the sum of \$43,000 to be used in the improvement of certain streets. Interest is to be at the rate of 4½ per cent per annum. Certified check must be for \$4,300.

Electors of the San Jacinto high school will hold an election July 31 to vote on the issuing of bonds in the sum of \$15,000 to buy a lot on which to erect a high school and to build. Bonds will bear interest at the rate of 5½ per cent.

Los Angeles supervisors will open bids July 26 for the purchase of the \$5,000 bonds for the Miramonte school district.

Randolph school district bonds, in the sum of \$6,000, were sold by the supervisors of Santa Ana county to

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MERCHANTS NATIONAL BANK S. E. cor. Third and Spring	W. H. HOLLIDAY, President. MARCO H. HELLMAN, Cashier. Capital, \$200,000. Surplus and Profits, \$575,000.
NATIONAL BANK OF CALIFORNIA N. E. cor. Fourth and Spring	J. E. FISHBURN, President. G. W. FISHBURN, Cashier. Capital, \$500,000.00. Surplus and Undivided Profits, \$140,000.
NATIONAL BANK OF COMMERCE IN LOS ANGELES N. E. cor. Second and Main	F. M. DOUGLAS, President. CHARLES EWING, Cashier. Capital, \$300,000. Surplus, \$25,000.
UNITED STATES NATIONAL BANK S. E. cor. Main and Commercial	ISAIAH W. HELLMAN, President. F. W. SMITH, Cashier. Capital, \$200,000. Surplus and Profits, \$73,000.00.
BROADWAY BANK & TRUST CO. 308-312 Broadway, Bradbury Bldg.	WARREN GILLEN, President. R. W. KENNY, Cashier. Capital, \$250,000. Surplus and Undivided Profits, \$205,000.
CENTRAL NATIONAL BANK S. E. Cor. Fourth and Broadway	S. F. ZOMBRO, President. JAMES B. GIST, Cashier. Capital, \$300,000.00. Surplus and Profits, \$233,000.00.

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Wakefield & Garthwaite, a San Francisco firm of bond buyers. The premium paid was \$200.

Bankers connected with the St. Louis and San Francisco Railroad have announced that \$10,000,000 Frisco general mortgage 5 per cent fifteen-year bonds have been sold to a syndicate of French bankers, and that negotiations already have been started for listing the bonds on the Paris Bourse. The Frisco 5s will be issued direct by the French bankers in \$100 certificates, written in the French language, and will only be a good delivery in France. Thus the government is assured of collecting the required tax.

It is announced, unofficially, that trustees of Glendale Union high school district are planning to call another bond election for \$15,000 for furnishing the new school.

Monrovia councilmen have passed an ordinance for the issuing of bonds of that city in the sum of \$16,000 for the purpose of making certain municipal improvements.

Steps are being taken toward calling a bond election at Palms to vote bonds for the purpose of establishing an electric lighting plant.

In Redlands the recent \$60,000 bond election for a city hall and the fire department was defeated by a small number of votes.

Export Trade Shows Big Loss

According to the official figures, the import and export trade of the United States, giving in detail the eleven months ending with May, 1909, indicates that the imports of the fiscal year ending June, 1909, will exceed those of last year by about \$100,000,000, and that the exports will fall about \$200,000,000 below those of last year. The increase in imports occurs chiefly in manufacturers' materials, but in no inconsiderable degree also in foodstuffs, while manufactures ready for consumption show a marked falling off. The decrease in exports occurs in all the great groups—foodstuffs, crude, showing a fall of about \$50,000,000; foodstuffs, manufactured, a fall of about \$30,000,000; crude material for manufacturing, a fall of about \$35,000,000; manufactures for use in manufacturing, a fall of about \$36,000,000, and manufactures ready for consumption, a fall of \$50,000,000. The principal articles in which the increase in importations occurs are: Hides and skins, \$20,000,000; wool, \$17,000,000; raw silk, \$15,000,000; india rubber, \$22,000,000; coffee, about \$14,000,000; sugar, \$12,500,000, and diamonds and other precious stones, about \$10,000,000. The decrease in exports occurs chiefly in live cattle, a drop of \$11,000,000; corn, a fall of \$9,000,000; wheat, a fall of \$23,000,000; flour, a fall of \$11,000,000; meat and dairy products, a reduction of \$27,000,000; manufactures of iron and steel, a fall of \$41,000,000; copper, pigs, bars, etc., a reduction of \$20,000,000; cars for steam railways, a decrease of \$5,000,000; wood and manufactures thereof, a drop of \$14,000,000, and raw cotton, a fall of \$19,000,000.

Note Maturities Falling Due

Although a great deal of future re-funding had previously been provided for, the railroads are still confronted with considerable amounts of maturing obligations. Statistics compiled show that \$96,307,000 notes and bonds mature between this and December 31 of the current year, while during 1910 maturing securities just exceed \$500,000,000. Of this amount more than one-half has already been taken care of by new issues, and the state of the money market, together with the attitude of investors toward new applications for capital, insure that no solvent company will have any difficulty in raising all needful accommodation.

Union Pacific Earnings

Eleven months' earnings indicate that Union Pacific closed the fiscal year with about 18.85 per cent earned for its \$199,000,000 common stock. Last year the corresponding figure was 16.23 per cent on \$195,987,900 of stock. To June 1 Union Pacific's gross earnings, including outside operations, were \$71,886,284, while expenses and taxes were \$37,152,740, leaving net of \$34,733,524, which compares with \$28,940,593 in 1908. At the same rate twelve months net after taxes would amount to \$37,891,117.



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Outstanding, 40,000

First Mortgage 6 per cent Gold Bonds due July, 1933

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The organization of this company and its proceedings precedent to issuing these bonds have been approved by Mr. Percy R. Wilson, Los Angeles.

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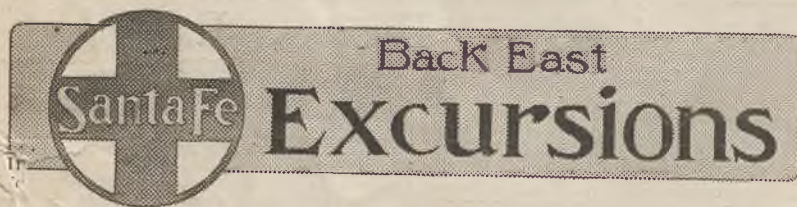
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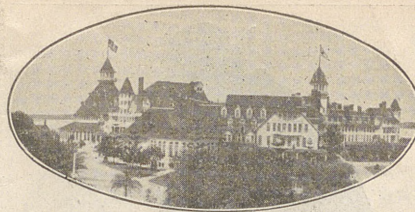
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